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FRANK LESLIE'S
BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.
An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

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# IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

## A NEW FEATURE—THREE WEEKLY PRIZES FOR THE BEST DRAWINGS.

WE gave, in a recent number, an outline Drawing Lesson. Some of our readers may have wondered why it was put in. We now give our explanation.

There is no accomplishment which can afford greater pleasure to the young, or become more profitable afterward, than skill in drawing.

The daguerreotype and the photograph give us many pictures, but the artist's hand is required even with them, and there are thousands of cases where the pencil alone can supply what is required.

Drawing is taught in most of our schools, but many pay no attention to it, deeming it of little use. To encourage those who have acquired some proficiency, and to stimulate others to take up the study in earnest and cultivate the talent they possess, we propose to give, for a time, THREE WEEKLY PRIZES FOR THE BEST DRAWING sent in to Frank Leslie's Boys' and Girls' Weekly.

The drawing is to be sent accompanied by an attestation of the young person's teacher that it is actually the pupil's own work, without outlining or touching up by any other hand.

The first prize, Three Dollars, will be given for the best drawing of the human figure, or the head, torso, arm, hand, foot, etc.

The second prize, Two Dollars, for the best drawing of an animal, the whole figure, or the head.

The third prize, One Dollar, for the best landscape.

Drawings that, in the opinion of the Committee of Judges, possess remarkable merit—and we hope to receive one such each week—will be engraved for Frank Leslie's Boys' and Girls' Weekly, and the name of the artist given.

In order to give time for the first competition, as this feature is introduced for the first time, the prizes will be awarded on the seventeenth of November, and after that every week. The successful candidates will be made known in No. 686, which will appear on the 1st of December, and be paid that week, the same as our Round Table prizes.

It is recommended that the sketches be not too large—not to exceed eight inches by ten. They should be sent flat, in an envelope, and not on rollers, which are liable to delay and accidents in the mail.

# THE MYSTIC THREE.

## SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED TO THREE BOYS WHO BELIEVED ALL THEY READ.

By PIERCE CUTTING.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

### SOLD AGAIN.

FOR several minutes the Mystic Three groveled in the car, clutching each other with the eagerness of despair. Then, as it gradually dawned upon their minds that they were not yet devoured alive, they partially recovered from their fright.

Sitting up once more, they again looked in the direction of their enemy. The eyes were still there.

"Ugh!" shivered Hack, dolefully; "this is a nice fix to be in."

"Nice is no name for it."

"It's simply delightful."

"I never did care for luxuries," said Gid, in a mournful voice. "I only wish I was home."

"What! to get shingled?" inquired Hack.

"Yes, siree! I'd enough sight rather be shingled than eaten up."

"Do you really think he'll eat us?" asked Sim, shuddering.

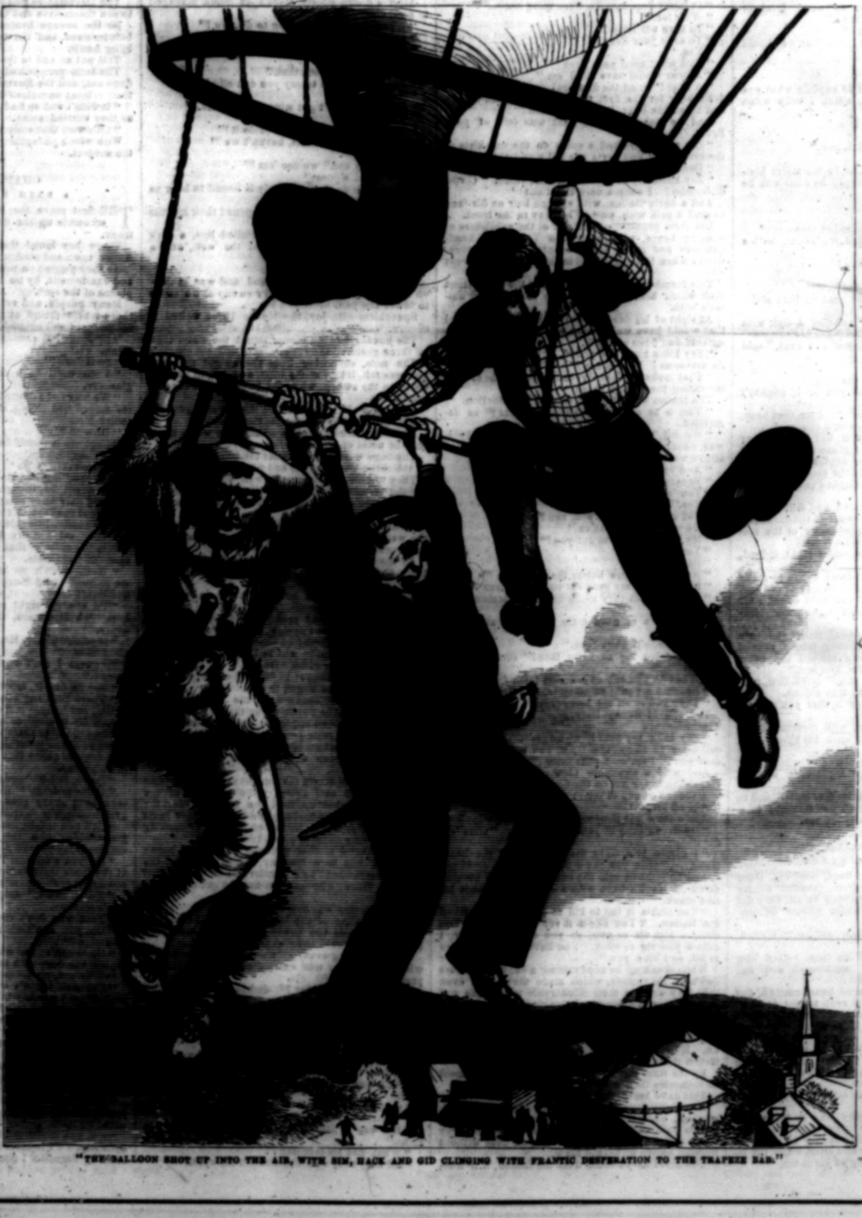
"What are bears made for?"

"Of course he will."

"What, all of us?"

"He won't leave a morsel."

"No," added Hackaliah; "you wouldn't be a light luncheon for him, Simeon."



"THE BALLOON SHOT UP INTO THE AIR, WITH SIM, HACK AND GID CLINGING WITH FRANTIC DESPERATION TO THE TRAPEZE BAR."

Sim groaned dismally.

"I wonder he don't begin," said Hackaliah, peering into the darkness from which the fiery eyes still shone balefully.

"Perhaps he isn't hungry," said Gid.

"Or maybe he's saving us up for breakfast," remarked Sim.

At this dreadful suggestion the trio gave vent to a simultaneous cry of despair.

"I say," exclaimed Hackaliah, suddenly, after a few minutes' silence, "perhaps he ain't very hungry."

"If he was we'd have been gobbled up by this time."

"Well, if he ain't very hungry, maybe he won't eat more than one of us."

"I suppose you're hoping he'll leave you to the last?" remarked Sim, in great disgust.

"Of course I am," responded Hack, gravely.

"You always were a selfish beast."

"Same to you, Mr. Pugsley."

"Fellows," exclaimed Gid, suddenly, "I've got an idea."

"You don't say so?" cried Sim.

"Do you mean a real, new, original and fresh idea?"

"Of course."

"All your own?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can it be possible?"

"Do you see anything impossible about it?"

"I didn't say so, but I didn't know as there were any miracles nowadays."

"You'd better make a mark on the wall, Gid," added Hackaliah.

"Why so?"

"Because lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

"Thank you for your opinion, Mr. Snick."

"Not at all; you're quite welcome."

"Well, if you've got an idea, Gid, why don't you spit it out?" inquired Sim.

"Because you won't let me."

"Who is hindering you?"

"Why, you two galoots keep interrupting me and trying to be funny."

"Oh, that's it, is it?"

"It's enough, I should think, to make a feller sick with your stale jokes when he's trying to get you out of a scrape."

"PHIL TERRY'S GRIT," A CAPITAL STORY, BEGINS IN OUR NEXT.

"Do you mean to say that you've got a plan to get us out of this fix?"

"I just do."

"What is it?"

"Let's have it."

"Oh, you're ready to listen to anything that will save your cowardly carcasses, are you?"

Without minding this taunt, Sim and Hack repeated their demand for Gid's idea, and that noble mariner at length condescended to explain.

"Did you ever read about the plan that shipwrecked sailors follow when they get out of grub, messmates?" he asked.

"Can't say that I ever did," replied Sim, with an air of disgust. "I never had any time to waste reading such trash."

"Nor I, either," added Hackaliah.

"Perhaps you won't call it trash if it saves you from the bear," retorted Gid, triumphantly.

"Well, out with it. What do they do?"

"They draw lots."

"Draw lots?"

"Yes."

"And what then?"

"Why, the fellow that loses is killed and eaten by the others," replied Gid.

"What's that got to do with us?" asked Sim, impatiently.

"Why, everything."

"I'll be blamed if I can see how."

"Why, we can do the same."

"We can, can we?"

"Certainly."

"What good would that do?"

"Why, only one of us would be sacrificed, stupid."

"Hack, did you ever hear the like of that in your born days?" asked Sim.

"I certainly never did."

"He's a perfect cannibal. Wants us to eat one another."

"What a horrible idea!"

"Besides, I don't see how that would save us from the bear."

"You don't?"

"No, I don't; and I'm not hankering after any Goble hash or raw Snick in mine."

"Well, Puggy, I'll give it up now. I never thought you were such a lunkhead."

"What am I a lunkhead for?"

"Because you are. I don't mean that we should eat one another."

"You don't?"

"Of course not."

"Will you be good enough to explain what you do mean, then, if you know, which I very much doubt?"

"I mean that we can draw lots."

"You said that before."

"And, of course, one of us will lose."

"Well?"

"Then, if the bear goes for us, he must give himself up to be eaten; and, perhaps, the bear will be satisfied."

"Oh, he must, must he?"

"Of course he must."

"Gid Goble, you're a cold-blooded monster!"

"An unfeeling wretch," added Hackaliah, with a shudder.

"You don't like my plan, then?"

"I should think we didn't."

"And you refuse to draw lots?"

"You can gamble your last cent on that statement."

"Then it's no use talking," concluded Gid, with a sigh. "But it was a beautiful plan."

"It wouldn't have worked worth a cent," said Hack, disgustedly.

"Why not?"

"Suppose Sim had lost the drawing?"

"Well, he might, as well as you or I, mightn't he?"

"Yes, but he'd only be a mouthful for that bear, and then we'd come in for a second course."

"There ain't anything for it but to take our chances," rejoined Sim, with a groan so dismal that it seemed to emanate from the depths of his boots.

The Mystic Three relapsed into gloomy speechlessness, and the silence that reigned in the interior of the car was unbroken.

The train sped on, hours passed, and still the two dreadful eyes glowered at them out of the darkness, as they sat in shuddering expectancy of the moment when Bruin would begin his feast.

So the night wore away—a fearful night, indeed, to the Mystic Three.

At last the gray glimmer of dawn began to make its way through the chinks and crevices of the car.

In a few moments more it was light enough for them to plainly perceive their unwelcome companion.

"Jerusalem!" shouted Hackaliah Snick, suddenly springing to his feet, and bursting into a roar of laughter as he walked boldly toward the bear, "you're a pretty pair of duffers, you are."

"What's the matter with you?" cried Sim, rubbing his eyes, for he had fallen into a doze.

"Matter? Why, the matter is that you're sold again, that's all."

And Hackaliah Snick roared with merriment in a style that made even the bear open his eyes.

And no wonder.

The ferocious monster in terror of whom they had been shivering the whole night long was securely chained.

Around his neck was a stout leather collar, and to this was attached a chain which was fastened to a staple driven in the rear wall of the car.

### CHAPTER XL.

### ITALIAN VENGEANCE.

THEIR exultation was short-lived, however. Once they discovered that their dreaded enemy was practically not to be dreaded at all, they did what people generally do under similar circumstances.

They began to worry the bear, secure in his fancied inability to get at them.

They poked their guns in his face, pelted him with sticks, and otherwise maltreated and expressed their contempt for him.

The bear was a good-natured beast enough, but patience ceased to be a virtue even to him at last.

Then he began growling and tugging at his chain.

This only encouraged his tormentors to fresh attacks.

They danced about, just out of his reach, yelled, hooted, waved their hats in his face, and otherwise comported themselves in a way no bear with any respect for himself could stand.

And as this one did respect himself, he would not stand it.

Simeon Walsingham Pugsley was in the act of executing a dance on the plan of the war fandangoes in which the Indian in his favorite romances indulge on the eve of battle, when the insulted bear gave a violent tug at his chain.

The staple was torn from the wall, Bruin lurched forward, and Simeon Walsingham Pugsley rolled on the floor.

Fortunately for him, the violence of his rush carried the bear beyond him into the far corner of the car.

There he reared on his hind legs and waddled forward, giving vent to an angry roar.

But the Mystic Three were equal to the emergency.

Three rifles rose to a level.

Then there came a crash, and the car filled with pungent-smelling smoke, through which sounded the noise of a heavy fall.

It was the poor bear's death-drop.

As he fell, the train, which had been slowing up, came to a stop.

A minute later there was a rattling and clanking at the door of the car, and then a burst of sunlight blinded the eyes of the Devastators, so that they had to close them.

The car door had been unlocked and opened.

The situation was a dramatic one.

In the middle of the car the bear lay weltering in his gore.

As far away as they could get from the corpse of their victim the Mystic Three stood, still gripping their smoking rifles.

And at the open door of the car gathered a party of at least a dozen of the most astonished men who ever looked into a freight-car at all.

It was a minute, at least, before any one of them could sufficiently recover his voice to speak.

Then one, in the uniform of a brakeman, exclaimed:

"Well, figger me stiff!"

This remark broke the spell, and another of the group called:

"Come out of that, you young sneaks! Do you hear?"

The Mystic Three advanced.

"What's them?" demanded their interlocutor.

And he pointed at their guns.

"They might be sticks of candy," retorted Hack, "only they ain't."

"What are you doing with 'em, anyway?"

"At latest accounts we were using them."

"What for?"

"To save our lives."

"To save your lives?"

"Yes."

"And what ailed your lives?"

"A bear would have ailed 'em."

"A bear!" cried the first brakesman, noticing the dead bear for the first time. "If they ain't been and killed the bear, I'm a Chinaman!"

And he pointed to all that was left of poor Bruin.

"Zey vat!" shrieked a voice on the outskirts of the crowd. "You say-a zey kill-a ze bear?"

"Dead as a stone."

"Zey kill-a my bear!" bawled the voice. "*Corpo di baccho!* I chop-a uere heart out!"

And a burly Italian, with enough hair on his face to stuff a sofa with, pushed his way to the front.

His dress proclaimed him one of the exhibitors of dancing bears, who make New York their headquarters and prowl about country fairs and race-tracks when business is dull in their line in the great city.

This member of the craft clubbed the long, stout staff which bear-trainer's use to stir up their animals with.

At sight of his dead attraction he set up a howl that would have waked even a dead bear, if such a miracle had been possible.

"Zey kill-a him!" he yelled. "Zey murdere him. Ze assassins! Vere is zey?"

"That looks like 'em," returned one of the crowd, indicating the Mystic Three.

The Italian waited for no second introduction.

"You is ze chap vich kill-a my bear?" he demanded.

"We did," replied Hack, who, with the others, was commencing to become alarmed at the turn affairs were taking.

"And vy for you kill-a him?"

"Because we had to."

"You 'ave to?"

"Yes."

"Vat ze bear do-a to you, zen?"

"He was going to eat us."

"My bear he go-a to eat you?"

"Yes."

"Zat is a lie!"

"Maybe you know better than us, then?"

"I know-a zat my bear ees von gentleman bear."

"He didn't act very much like a gentleman, anyhow."

"He have-a ze good taste. He no eat-a common trash."

"Go slow, old hairy-face."

"You call-a me ze hairy face?" screamed the Italian.

"What do you call us common trash for, then?"

"Because-a you is common trash-a."

"Then you're an old hairy-face."

The son of Sunny Italy ground his teeth with wrath.

"Zey kill-a my bear!" he howled, "and zen zey call-a me ze hairy-face. Ah, you villain! I murdere you! I smash-a your bone!"

And with a sweeping blow of his staff he laid Hackaliah Snick out on the floor of the car.

A second sweep of the stout pole brought Gideon Goble off his feet.

And a third laid Simeon Walsingham Pugsley low.

"Go it, Old Italy!" yelled the crowd. "Give 'em fits!"

"I give-a sem tight fits!" screamed the bear-trainer. "How you like-a him, eh?"

And he jumped into the car and brought his staff down on Hack's back with a force which made his ribs crack.

"You zink-a it fun to kill ze bear, eh?" shrieked the Italian. "You like-a it ver mooch, eh? You shoot-a him vis ze gun, so you do. Vell, now, I killa-a you vis ze stick. I no have-a ze bear more to hit, so I hit-a you."

While speaking he kept raining a shower of blows down on his victims, which made them wish even that they were in their Suckerville woodsheds and barns, being rawhided and shingled.

But that is all the good it did them.

The Italian skipped about, mad with fury, laying into them impartially, while the crowd cheered him on. How long the performance might have continued there is no knowing.

By the time the Devastators were beaten almost to mummies their enemy's stick broke.

This gave his victims a chance.

Blind with rage, he was groping about for a fresh weapon, when they scrambled to their feet.

The train had just got in motion again, but they made a flying leap through the open door without looking before or behind them.

The move saved them from the Italian, it is true, for before that furious individual reached the car door they were out of sight.

But it exposed them to considerable personal inconvenience.

For the road at that place ran on an embankment some ten feet above a farmyard, and the Mystic Three, descending through the air like shells from a Parrott gun, went headlong into a well, whose broad mouth yawned to receive them.

### CHAPTER XLI.

### ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

IF Truth had lived at the bottom of that particular well, she would have had a perfect right to be indignant at this sudden and rude intrusion on her domain.

But she did not seem to have selected that one as her special place of residence.

Or if she had, she was out shopping at the time.

So the Mystic Three, after a descent of some twenty feet, went splashing into four feet of ice-cold water, without any one asking them where they came from or what they wanted.

It took them some minutes to regain their footing, spit out the gallons of water they had imbibed, and recover their breaths.

By the time they had done all this the frigidity of the water began to have a perceptible effect on them.

It froze them to the bone, and made their teeth chatter so furiously that they couldn't even form sentences to abuse one another in.

So they had to content themselves with glaring daggers, bowie-knives, broadswords and all other manner of deadly weapons at each other.

They certainly were in a fix.

The water reached to their chins, and the bottom of the well was so slippery that they could scarcely keep their feet.

As for getting out unaided, that was impossible.

The well was so broad that even the Kentucky giant could not have reached from wall to wall.

And besides, it was walled in with cement, which afforded a smooth, unbroken surface, up which the most acrobatic of flies could scarcely crawl.

After a dozen efforts, Hackaliah Snick managed to gasp:

"Well, what are we going to do now?"

"Drown, I reckon," chattered Gid.

"Not if I can help it."

"But you can't."

"I don't know about that."

"You don't mean to say you can climb out?"

"No."

"And you haven't got wings to fly with."

"I know that."

"Then how are you going to do it?"

"We've got voices left, haven't we?"

"Sort of ones."

"Then why can't we use 'em?"

"We can, I s'pose."

"Then let's do it. Somebody is bound to hear us if we keep it up long enough."

The Devastators accordingly opened their mouths for a combination howl.

But before it escaped their chilled lips, a dark body appeared at the verge of the well, and a shadow fell upon them.

It was the shadow of a man.

He had the bucket in his hand, and was hauling on the rope to bring the heavy sweep down so as to lower the pail.

Speechless with joy, the Mystic Three waited in silence.

The bucket had no sooner struck the water than all three grabbed the rope.

The man, supposing from the weight that the pail was full, let go of the rope, and began bearing down on the sweep, while the boys could hear him grumbling.

"Blame it all! This darned thing wants greasin' agin. It's as heavy as a chunk of lead.

He had scarcely spoken when there was a snap, and the noise of a heavy plunge.

The rope was old, and under the combined weight of the three Devastators, had parted.

They tumbled back into the well, while the sweep hit the farmer on the jaw with such force that it almost fractured it, and sent him sprawling on the ground.

In his confusion he did not notice the cries from the well, and went away cursing to get a new rope and bucket.

By the time he came back with these, and got them fixed, the Mystic Three were frozen nearly stiff.

Their misadventure had taught them wisdom, however.

Instead of all three grabbing the rope this time, Simeon Walsingham Pugsley, in virtue of his being the lightest, was permitted to seize it.

When he got up he was to explain matters, and procure the rescue of his friends.

Permitting the bucket to fill with water, Sim then stepped into it, and began to rise.

Slowly, steadily, up he went, the farmer's oaths as he tugged at the sweep filling the air.

At last Sim's head appeared above the surface.

When his eyes rested on it, the farmer gave a yell of surprise and let go of the sweep.

The consequence was as might have been expected.

The weight of Sim in the bucket sent him shooting down into the well again, while the end of the sweep, as it went up, took the farmer under the chin, and shot him through the air head over heels into a pigsty, where he fell on a litter of sucking pigs, smashing them to pancakes.

The enraged mother pounced on him and began trampling him to a mummy, while Sim and the bucket descended like a thunderbolt on the heads of Gid and Hack, who had not time to get out of the road.

The confusion was now indescribable.

The squealing of the infuriated sow, the yells of the farmer, and the howls of the half murdered Devastators, would have waked the dead.

They did bring everybody out of the farmhouse, when the farmer was extricated from his porcine predicament.

"What's the matter?" demanded one of his rescuers.

"Matter?" cried the worthy agriculturist; "why, the matter is there's a devil in the well!"

"A what?" exclaimed every one.

"A devil."

"Sakes alive!" gasped an old woman; "I thought that water tasted terrible sickish lately."

"But how do you know?" asked the farmer's wife.

"Cause I seen him."

"What was he like?"

"He was a little chap, all wet and dressed in skins."

"What was his face like?"

"All fiery-red, with coals of fire for eyes."

"Did you smell his breath?"

"Smell it! Why, it stunk so of brimstone it knocked me over into the pigsty."

A groan of horror hailed this remarkable statement, and a couple of bolder spirits, who had been edging up to the well, intending to look in, retreated precipitately.

At the same time a head appeared out of the well.

It was Gid's, who had managed to climb up the rope.

But, to the excited imaginations of the farm-people, it looked like that of a fiend.

With a wild yell they scattered and fled, some rushing into the barn, others to the stable and the house, where they locked themselves securely in.

Poor Gid paid no attention to these flattering demonstrations of fear.

He had enough to do to swing himself over the curb of the well, where he sank exhausted on the grass.

Simeon Walsingham Pugsley shortly followed him.

Then the two hauled up Hackaliah Snick and their three guns, which they had managed to fish out.

By the time the Mystic Three were once more on *terra-firma*, the farm folks had commenced to recover themselves.

They unbolted the doors and sallied out, accompanied by a couple of ferocious dogs, which had been chained up back of the house.

Under these circumstances, the Devastators judged it polite to retire in good order and without waiting to explain.

But the faster they retired the faster the enemy advanced.

Being sure now that the late inmates of the well were human beings, not demons, and being also in the majority, the farmer and his followers had become as bold as lions.

"Sick 'em, Blazer," yelled the farmer.

"Bite 'em, Snapper!" yelled his wife.

"Bow, wow, wow!" barked Blazer.

"Wow, wow, bow!" howled Snapper.

And they made a savage bolt for the retreating adventurers.

It was an unlucky move for them.

The Devastators had by this time got the well between themselves and their pursuers.

So the savage brutes, blind with rage, made a bolt forward, and not noticing the well, went tumbling into it.

This put an end to the pursuit.

The farm people had their hands full getting the dogs out, and the Devestators were left to continue their retreat unmolested.

"It didn't end so bad, after all," observed Hack, as they hurried away.

"All's well that ends well," remarked Sim.

With which philanthropic reflection they dismissed the subject.

### CHAPTER XLII.

### A RASH EXPERIMENT.

THE first move the Mystic Three made was to scramble up the embankment to the railroad track.

There they found themselves about half a mile from a town and station.

As they pushed on toward it they noticed a bustle and excitement, by no means common in country places of the sort.

Many people and vehicles were moving about, there was a crowd at the station, and the distant music of a band echoed on the air.

"By Jingo! it sounds like a circus!" exclaimed Hack.

"So it does!"

"Then we'll have some fun, sure," said Sim, gleefully.

"We may get a darned sight more than we want," responded Gid Goble, as if a thought had suddenly struck him.

"How so?"

"Suppose it should be the same circus we busted up at Tunkapank?"

"How could it be? There wasn't anything left of that one," replied Hackaliah.

"It might be, though," said Sim, thoughtfully; "they'd only have to get a new tent."

"Great snakes! if it is we had better make tracks mighty sudden!" exclaimed Hack.

"You just bet we had. You don't catch me within ten miles of that show, if I know myself," responded Gid Goble.

"Well, there's no use in being scared before we're hurt," said Sim, boldly. "Let's go on and find out."

"I'd enough sight rather be scared before I'm hurt than afterward, though," said Hack, reflectively.

"If you're afraid, Mr. Snick, you needn't go," replied Sim.

"I guess I ain't any more afraid than you are, Puggy."

"Seems like it, anyway."

"There ain't any need for any of us to go," broke in Gid, suddenly. "We can ask that boy yonder."

And he pointed to a small boy who was seated on the top rail of the fence which bordered the road, engaged in the pleasing pastime of throwing stones at a flock of geese that were gravely stalking down the highway.

"Hallo, bub!" began Sim, as they approached.

"Hallo yourself!" responded the boy, taking another shot at the geese and rolling an old gander over with great dexterity.

"Can you tell us, sonny, what is the cause of this great commotion, this assembling of the bucolic multitude, as it were?"

"Be you a furriner?" inquired the boy, looking at the three Devastators as if they were some curious and surprising variety of animals.

"No, I ben't," responded Sim, mimicking the boy's manner.

"Then why don't you speak English?"

"Oh, you can't understand my elevated style of language?"

"No, I can't; and what's more, I don't want to," replied the boy, with an air of disgust.

"Why not, my fresh young friend?"

"Because I don't want to know nothin' about such darned monkey-talk."

"What monkey-talk?"

"Such as that air you was just a-getting off."

"See here, little boy; if you ain't more polite to your superiors, I'll have to chastise you."

"What's that?"

"To give you a spanking, of course," replied Sim.

"Or larrup you with a strap," added Hack.

"Yes; or we might shingle him," said Gid, "if you could only find a good, stout one to warm him with."

"Oh, you might, might you," responded the boy, defiantly. "I reckon if you try it you'll wish you hadn't; darned if I don't set Tiger on you."

And he began to whistle shrilly, as if summoning a dog.

"Hold on, young man," exclaimed Sim, hurriedly; "don't be in a hurry. We ain't going to touch you."

"I don't reckon you are," said the boy, somewhat mollified, however, at being addressed as young man. "What do you want, any way?"

"We only want you to answer a question."

"What is it?" demanded the boy.

"What's going on in the neighborhood, and where are all the people bound for?"

"Why didn't you ask that before?"

"I did."

"Not much, you didn't. You got off a lot of lingo about 'semblages, and such-like, but you never said anything like that."

"Well, what is all the row about? Is it a circus?"

"No, 'tain't no circus. It's the great county fair what's coming off to-day, that's all."

"The county fair?"

"Didn't you just hear me say so?"

"By gum, fellows," exclaimed Hackaliah, "that's just gay."

"First-class," responded Sim; "a fair's more fun than a circus, any time."

"Let's hurry up and get there," said Gid, "or we may miss all the fun."

"That's so; come along, then."

And the Mystic Three started to go.

"I say, you fellers, ain't you goin' to give me nothin' for a-tellin' of you?"

"We are not, my pleasing infant," replied Sim; "you can safely venture upon the statement that we have no intention of replenishing your exchequer."

"Not the slightest," added Hackaliah.

"I thought all along you wasn't no good, with your monkey-lingo, and rigged up like a lot of scarecrows," said the boy, wrathfully. "What crazy asylum did you run away from?"

"Absquatulate, you young scullion," exclaimed Sim, flourishing his gun in a threatening manner.

"Vamoose," continued Hackaliah.

"Cut your stick."

"Skedaddle."

"Change your base."

The boy looked at them for a minute, and then, fairly paralyzed by this volley of hard words, he sprang over the fence, and ran as if he were pursued by a legion of demons.

The Mystic Three, proud with the consciousness of having scored another victory, resumed their journey.

After walking a short distance a turn in the road brought them in full sight of the fair grounds.

The inclosure was quite large, and encircled by a high wooden fence.

Inside were a number of temporary buildings for the ordinary uses of such an exhibition, while many tents dotted the ground, and indicated the presence of the usual array of side-shows.

Approaching the principal entrance, and paying the admission fee demanded, the Devastators passed within the inclosure and gazed at the busy scene before them.

They had scarcely taken a dozen steps when their eyes fell upon an object which at once banished from their minds all thoughts of any other attraction.

The object in question was a huge swelling globe, gayly decorated in broad stripes of red-and-white, which swayed to and fro in the light breeze, and seemed by its size to dwarf all its surroundings.

It was nothing more or less than a large captive balloon.

The Mystic Three hurried toward it, and soon joined the crowd that pressed around the little inclosure of ropes and stakes that guarded their too near approach.

A large placard on a board near by announced that Signor Silvio Blanco would have the honor to make an ascension at three o'clock precisely in his superb balloon "Pioneer," a name they now noticed was painted upon the silk covering of the gas-bag.

The poster further stated that Signor Blanco would exhibit his wonderful ability as a gymnast, by performing upon a trapeze hanging from the balloon as it ascended, and would make his aerial flight without a car, or any appliances for safety.

"Gewhittaker, fellows!" exclaimed Hackaliah, eagerly, "I wouldn't have missed this for a farm."

"It's magnif," replied Sim, with equal delight.

"I wonder where the Signor is?" remarked Gid. "It's pretty near time for him to start."

A man in the crowd volunteered the information that Signor Blanco was in a tent which he pointed out.

"Let's go round by his tent," said Sim, "and see if we can't get a peep at him."

Accordingly they made to a point close to the tent in which Signor Blanco was at that moment changing his everyday dress for the gorgeous tights which he wore when making an ascension.

"I say, Jim," said a voice which seemed to proceed from the tent, "time's most up. You'd better get some fellows to hold the ropes."

"All right," responded another voice; "that's easy enough," and the speaker stepped out of the tent and walked toward the spot where the Mystic Three were standing.

"Here's our chance, fellows," cried Sim.

And by a common impulse they jumped over the ropes and ran up to the man, who was Signor Blanco's assistant.

"If you want any help, sir," exclaimed Hackaliah, "we're ready to lend a hand."

"Well, you're a rum-lookin' lot," said the man, looking at them in astonishment. "Show folks, ain't you?"

Sim saw a ready way to the accomplishment of their desires, and unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative.

"Well," continued the man, "I reckon you'll do as well as anybody. It's only to cast off the ropes when I give the word."

And he pointed to the lines by which the balloon was secured to stout posts firmly set in the ground.

Stationing them near the balloon, with a caution not to allow any one to approach it, the aeronaut's assistant returned to the tent to hasten the completion of Signor Blanco's toilet.

For about five minutes the Mystic Three stood proudly at their posts, the cynosure of all eyes, for their odd costumes led every one to suppose that they were regularly attached to Signor Blanco's exhibition.

That was a proud moment.

Directly their curiosity overcame their discretion, and they approached the balloon more closely, and even examined and laid hands on the trapeze bar.

Then Sim, fired by a noble ambition, proceeded to "skin the cat," while Hack and Gid held the bar steady at either end.

The crowd applauded, and the Mystic Three were in their glory.

At this auspicious moment a sudden gust of wind struck the huge, swaying sphere, the ropes which held it snapped like packthread, and the balloon shot up into the air like a rocket, with Simeon Walsingham Pugsley, Hackaliah Snick and Gideon Goble clinging with frantic desperation to the trapeze bar.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### UP IN A BALLOON.

THE great air-ship soared aloft with such rapidity that it had attained the height of nearly a mile before the Mystic Three succeeded in establishing themselves in comparative safety on the trapeze bar.

Then they drew a long breath and looked about them, clinging to the ropes for dear life.

The magnificent view now opened up to them excited no feelings of admiration in their minds.

Quite the contrary, indeed.

They only wished to be once more safely on *terra firma*, and felt no desire to emulate the deeds of such famous balloonists as Wise, Donaldson or La Mountain.

"By the great hornspoon, as my granddad used to say," remarked Sim, at length, "but this is a nice scrape."

"It's a sky-scrape, that's what it is," growled Gid.

"Scrape's no name for it," replied Hack, shivering with cold or fear; "we're gone up this time, and no mistake."

"Higher than a kite, too."

"Well, we couldn't expect anything else, could we?"

"Why not?"

"It's quite natural for us to be gone up under the circumstances."

"Up in a balloon, in fact," added Gid.

"Yes, but we won't be sailing round the moon, as the song has it."

"I suppose not; we're more likely to do what you ought to have done long ago."

"What's that, Mr. Snick?"

"Take a tumble."

"Well, we'll all be in the same racket, that's one comfort."

"I don't see much comfort in it," said Sim, dolefully.

"Oh, you don't?"

"No, sir, not any."

"You'd like to be out of it, wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would."

"No matter what happens to us?"

"Just so."

"You always were a selfish beast, Puggy."

"Perfectly sickening!"

"No more so than you, I guess. I didn't get us into this fix, anyway."

"Do you mean that I did, then, Mr. Pugsley?"

"I do, just that."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, who proposed going near the darned old balloon?"

"I did!" replied Hack.

"Well, it's your fault then, ain't it?"

"Not at all."

"What's the reason it ain't?"

"It wasn't my fault that the ropes broke, was it?"

"No; but if you hadn't persuaded us to fool around the blamed thing we wouldn't be here."

"I suppose not. And if you hadn't persuaded us to run away we wouldn't be here, either."

"I think you fellows might as well stop arguing about whose fault it was, and try and find some way to get ashore," remarked Gid, gravely.

"Why, we ain't at sea, are we?"

"Though we are making a voyage in an air-ship," added Sim.

"I wish to goodness we were," replied Gid. "I'd know what to do then."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Hack, grinning; "you'd get us half drowned again, as you did before."

"It was all your own fault," replied Gid, indignantly. "You're such a pair of landlubbers I couldn't do anything with you; but never mind that. What I want to know is, ain't there some way of making this blamed old machine go down again?"

"Oh, that's what you wan't to know, is it, Mr. Goble?" said Hack.

"That's what I said."

"Then I shall take great pleasure in informing you."

"Well, why in thunderation don't you do it, then?"

"That's just what I'm trying to do, if you'll stop interrupting me."

"My jawing-tackle's stowed."

"You don't mean it? Well, if you've shut up for good I'll go on."

"Drive ahead," said Sim, impatiently; "if you've got an idea, out with it."

"In the first place, then, you know that it is the gas in the balloon that makes it rise?"

"Of course we know that."

"Well, all we've got to do is to make a hole in the bag and let the gas out."

"And what'll happen then?" asked Gid, anxiously.

"Why, the balloon will go down like a shot, and land us somewhere or other in no time."

"Yes, I guess it would," said Sim, looking down at the earth, now barely visible beneath them. "Why, if we went down that way, there wouldn't be enough left of us to spread a griddle-cake or grease a wagon-wheel."

"We'd be swamped entirely," added Gid, ruefully.

"Clean wiped out," rejoined Sim. "No, if you can't think of any better plan than that you'd better give it up."

"All right, Mr. Pugsley; if you don't like my plan just find a better one, that's all," replied Hackaliah.

"I can do that, and not half try," said Sim, proudly.

"Well, why don't you, then?"

"I'm just going to. You see, we could make a very small hole in the bag, and the gas would escape gradually, and let us down easy."

"Well, if you haven't got a cheek, Puggy, I'm a grasshopper," said Hackaliah, in great disgust.

"What's the matter with you now?" demanded Sim.

"Why, you coolly steal my plan, and bring it out as if it was a brand new idea."

"Never mind whose plan it is," broke in Gid, eagerly; "if it's any good, let's try it. I'm nearly frozen to death."

In fact, the balloon had ascended to such an elevation that the aerial voyagers had begun to suffer considerably from the cold.

Although no motion was perceptible to them, the balloon was really moving very rapidly to the westward.

"Well," resumed Sim, "that's all there is to it. Just make a small opening in the bag and we'll be all right."

"How are you going to make the hole?" inquired Hack, doubtfully, looking up at the huge globe above their heads.

"Easy enough. One of us can climb up the ropes and cut it with the knife," replied Sim, coolly.

"Oh, he can, can he?" said Hack. "Perhaps you think we're monkeys?"

"Or flying squirrels," added Gid, disgustedly.

"No, I don't think you're anything half so smart," replied Sim. "But Gid here ought to be able to shin up there in half a minute."

"I had, had I?" exclaimed Gid, not at all pleased with this proposition.

"Of course you had. You're an old salt, you know."

"A regular shiver-my-timbers, dash-my-tarry-toplights sort of a chap," added Hack, quite relieved to find that he was not expected to make the attempt.

"Well, no matter whether I am or not," said Gid, with great determination. "You can just bet your boots I ain't going to climb up there if we never get down. So put that in your pipe and smoke it."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### A HAPPY ACCIDENT.

THE situation was now certainly a grave one. Night was coming on, and the balloon, pursued by a chill wind, was making rapid progress toward the Pacific.

The Devastators, by ingeniously binding themselves to the ropes to which the trapeze bar was slung, with their belts, had managed to secure themselves for the time being against the danger of a fall.

But they dared not fall asleep, though the cold wind numbed their faculties and made them as drowsy as owls at midday.

No amount of expostulation or persuasion would move Gid from his determination.

He swore, in very bad language, indeed, that he would not climb up and perforate the balloon, and the others dared not tempt destruction by doing it.

So darkness wrapped them in her sable mantle, and wiped the outlines of the flying earth so far beneath them out.

They were adrift in midair, alone with the night.

"Well, I give in," remarked Hackaliah Snick, at last, with a hollow groan.

The sound of his voice echoed through the gloom and the unearthly silence with a noise almost like thunder.

It was so loud that it made even the speaker start.

"I don't see the use of giving in yet," said Sim.

"You don't?"

"No, I don't."

"And why?"

"Because we ain't dead yet."

"That's mighty poor consolation."

"It's some, all the same. While there's life there's hope."

"I'm afraid there won't be hope much longer. I'm nearly dead myself."

"So am I."

"And so am I."

There was a brief silence. Then Hack's voice became audible again.

"I can't stand it any longer," it said.

"Stand what?" demanded Gid.

"Staying awake. I'm so sleepy I can't even think."

"Well, you can't sleep, anyway."

"I can try mighty hard."

"But you'll fall off."

"I don't much care if I do or not."

"But what will become of us?"

"Well, you needn't fall off, you know, if you don't want to."

"But if your weight is taken from the balloon it will go up like a rocket."

"I shouldn't think it would matter much how high you are."

"But the darned gas-bag would burst, and then where would we be?"

Face to face with this new danger, another gloomy silence fell on the group.

A silence so profound that they could plainly hear the beating of their own hearts.

The wind went by with a ghostly moaning, whistling through the taut cordage of the balloon and cutting them like a sharp knife.

Suddenly a strange sound became audible.

Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a matter of no great difficulty to identify it.

For it was neither more nor less than a snore.

But there is a big difference between a snore in a bedroom, or even under the lee of a haystack, and one in midair.

If the reader doubts this let him experiment for himself.

To the listening ears of Simeon Walsingham Pugsley and Gideon Goble it sounded like the summons of the trump of doom.

Its effect on Hackaliah Snick would probably have been the same but for one thing.

That was that he was too busy creating the snore to listen to it.

In point of fact, poor Hack, overcome by drowsiness, had fallen asleep.

"Gracious save us! What are we to do now?" gasped Sim.

"I'll swear I don't know," groaned Gid.

"He'll fall off, sure."

"To be sure he will."

"And then we will be gone for good."

"Won't we, just?"

"We must wake him up."

"Hold on!"

"Why?"

"Don't touch him, for pity's sake!"

"But why?"

"Because if he wakes with a start, he'll tumble off, sure."

"That's so. But then——"

"But then what?"

"If he keeps on sleeping, he's equally sure to drop, sooner or later."

"It will be later, though, and the longer he stays on the longer we stay alive."

The obvious truth of this reasoning precluded any reply.

All the two wakeful members of the Mystic Three could do was to await developments.

Nor were these long in coming.

After perhaps ten minutes' slumber, Hackaliah began, as they had anticipated, to become unsteady on his perch.

The darkness was so intense that they could not see their own hands before them, so of course he was invisible.

But the swaying of the bar told the story as plainly as any words.

In momentary expectation of his falling, they waited with bated breaths.

His snoring became irregular, and finally ended in a convulsive snort.

Then there was a creaking sound overhead, and, to their amazement, the balloon began to descend.

And to descend so rapidly that its speed took their breaths away.

Inexplicable as this event was to them, its explanation was a simple one.

Hack had lurched forward, and mechanically put out his hand to save himself.

His fingers had closed on a long cord which dangled from the middle of the bottom of the balloon.

They had noticed this cord, and wondered what it was for. It was the valve-rope.

While they were cudgeling their brains for a means to make the balloon descend, the answer to their problem had been right before their eyes, and they had not noticed it.

Chance had come to their aid.

When Hack grabbed the rope he clung to it for dear life.

And he also dragged down on it so heavily that the valve was opened.

The gas escaped with a whistling rush, and the balloon went down like a shot.

Down, down through the darkness with a furious speed, which drew from the Devastators a simultaneous shriek of consternation.

"We're gone!" yelled Gid.

"She's burst!" screamed Sim.

"Now I lay me down to sleep!" prayed Hack, who even now was only half awake.

"You'll lay down in your grave in a minute."

"No, he won't."

"Why won't he?"

"Because there won't be enough left of the three of us to bury."

Even as Sim spoke the balloon whirled round with a swift oscillatory motion that made them all seasick.

Then it struck something with a shock so tremendous that it knocked the breath clean out of their bodies.

It broke the clasps of their belts, too, and all three found themselves rolling on the roof of a building of some sort, while the balloon, freed of their weight, darted up into the air and went sailing away in quest of further adventures.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### THE GHOSTS OF GUMBLEBUGG CHURCH.

FORTUNATELY, the roof was a flat one, and after the preliminary roll the Mystic Three lay motionless, stunned by the violence of their fall.

Before they recovered themselves, a faint, pale light began to show in the sky, and then the moon burst through a rift in the black heavens.

By its dim and uncertain light the Devastators could make out that they were on top of one of a cluster of houses forming a little village.

And also that, from the roof on which they were, rose a towering structure, which at the first glance looked like an immense chimney.

"It must be a factory," groaned Sim, erecting his aching anatomy to a sitting posture and glaring at the object in question.

"What must be a factory?" asked Gid.

"This house."

"If it was a hospital, I'd have more use for it," whined Hack.

"Why would you?" demanded Sim.

"Because I'm a mass of wounds."

"It's a pity about you," observed Gid.

"Why is it?"

"Because you're so delicate and tender, you are."

"A regular Spring chicken," remarked Sim.

"A green gosling, more like," grunted Gid.

"He's his muzzer's own chuckey wuckey darling," said Sim. "Don't he wish he was home in his ickle bed?"

"I wish I was anywhere but here, anyhow."

"Do you mean to say, Hackaliah Snick, that you've lost your grit already?"

"I don't mean to say anything except I wish I was out of this."

"'Pon my word, some folks are never satisfied."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, while you were up in a balloon you wanted to get down, didn't you?"

"Of course I did."

"And now that you're down, you ain't satisfied."

"I'm not satisfied because I'm not down far enough."

"You know what you can do, then."

"What?"

"Jump off."

"No, thank you. I've had a drop too much already."

"That probably accounts for your intemperate language."

"Who's using intemperate language?"

"You are."

"Sim Pugsley, you're a low-born, white-livered, wall-eyed, crop-eared snake!"

Sim listened to this peroration with great gravity.

"Are you done yet?" he asked, when Hack stopped to catch breath.

"You miserable, splay-footed, warty-backed, bandy-legged toad, I ain't."

"Well, go on till you run down, and then I'll ask you a question."

"What is it?"

"Don't you call that intemperate language?"

Before Hack could reply, Gid, who had been dragging his tortured frame around, investigating the situation, called:

"I say, boys."

"Say away," was the response.

"Where do you think we are?"

"On top of a house."

"No, you ain't."

"You don't mean to say we're in the cellar, do you?"

"No, I don't."

"Then what do you call this?"

"A church."

"A what?"

"A church."

"How do you know?"

"Why, there's the bell-tower."

And he pointed to what they had taken for a chimney.

It really was the belfry of a church, and the moon now shone through the opening in which the black bulk of a big bell was visible.

This opening was only about four feet above the roof, and some projections in the architecture afforded a sort of a ladder to ascend to it.

Miserable as they were, however, numbed with cold and stiff with bruises, it was a work of no little difficulty for the Devastators to scale even this trifling and easy ascent.

Gid was the first up, and sitting astride of the ledge of the opening, he extended a hand to Sim.

Once the latter was up, the pair hauled the almost helpless Hack after them.

Then they strove to see their way clear to further progress.

This was a matter of no little difficulty.

The darkness in the bell-tower beneath them was profound as that of a shaft in a coal-mine.

All they could see was the big bell, the rope, which lost itself in the gloom below, and a single beam, which crossed the tower a few feet down.

"There's only one thing to do," observed Gid, at last.

"What's that?" demanded Sim.

"Get on that beam there, and then find out what's below it."

And lowering himself by his hands, he secured a footing on the timber.

A minute later he called:

"All right; come down."

"What do you see?"

"There's a floor just below this. Come ahead."

Thus adjured, the two others imitated his example.

The beam was an old one, and creaked so ominously under their weight that they looked around for some other support. But it was too late.

With a ripping crash the beam gave way and fell.

All three reached simultaneously for the only object near enough to catch hold of.

And all three caught that object.

And that object was a bell-rope.

The consequence was, that as they tumbled the bell swung completely over, sending a loud peal out upon the night.

They rolled, without much augmentation of their injuries, on the bell floor a few feet below them, and let go the rope.

But under the impetus given it, the bell swung over and over, filling the air with a clangor hideous enough to frighten a lion.

It did frighten the villagers of Gumblebugg, which was the name of the hamlet into which the Mystic Three had descended most dreadfully.

The sexton, who lived close to the church, started up in bed, and every villager imitated his example.

To make matters worse, the church of Gumblebugg was popularly reputed to be haunted, and this unaccountable sounding of the bell was naturally ascribed to the spirits which infested it.

So, by the time the Devastators had recovered their equipoise and discovered that the trap leading down from the bell floor to the church was bolted on the under side, all Gumblebugg was out of doors, shivering with cold and terror.

The fact that the bell stopped ringing reassured them somewhat, and, led by the sexton, who unlocked the church door, they set out to explore the mystery.

"Some one's coming," whispered Gid, as the trample of feet in the building below reached his ears. "Whatever will we do? They'll murder us if they catch us here."

"We'll have to make a break for it," observed Sim, in the same guarded tone. "If they open the trap we'll jump right down and run."

"Nuff ced."

Even as Gideon Goble spoke, the bolt which confined the trap rang sharply as it was shot back in its socket.

Then the trap was pushed up till it fell back with a rattling bang.

The sexton, with a lantern in his hand, appeared at the opening.

But before he could make another step up, the three Devastators bounded down on him with a whoop which would have done credit to a Ute Indian on the warpath.

The Mystic Three, the sexton, and the sexton's followers, all tumbled in a heap to the foot of the ladder.

The lantern was smashed, and in the darkness the villagers, veritably convinced that they were assailed by a pack of demons, filled the air with cries of consternation.

They made no effort to secure their assailants, and the Devastators, seeing a light at the far end of the church, made a break for it.

It was the open door, and as they dashed through it it blew shut after them.

To turn the big key in the lock was with Simeon Walsingham Pugsley the work of an instant.

Then, having bolted the Gumblebuggians in, they bolted out without further ado.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### THE RAGING CANAWL.

WITHOUT stopping to think that they had secured themselves tolerably well against being followed, the Mystic Three ran at the top of their speed for about half a mile before they considered themselves safe from pursuit.

Even then they would probably have proceeded at the same headlong pace, if one of their number had not thrown himself, panting, on the ground, and declared his inability to proceed another yard.

The recalcitrant member was Gid Goble.

Being of a decidedly stout habit of body, not to say fat, he felt the strain of such prolonged exertion much more than did either of his companions, and it was with a grunt of relief that he rolled over on his back and exclaimed:

"I'll be jiggered if I go another step until I've had a rest."

"What's the matter with you now?' demanded Hack, in no very gentle accents, for the memory of the blackguarding he had lately undergone.

"I'm so tired I feel as if I was going to break in two, that's all."

"I believe you were born tired," said Sim, disgustedly.

"Poor ickle duckey, wuckey. Don't he wish he was home in his ickle bed?"

"What are you giving us now?"

"He was his muzzer's darling, so he was. A regular Spring chicken, eh?"

"Gid only wants to lie there till those fellows get out of the church, and he'll get all the rest he wants," said Sim.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Gid.

"Why, you say you want to get rested."

"Well?"

"If you wait till those fellows come along you'll get a rest."

"Or get arrested," added Hack.

"Which would be rough on the jail."

"Unless it's a very tough one."

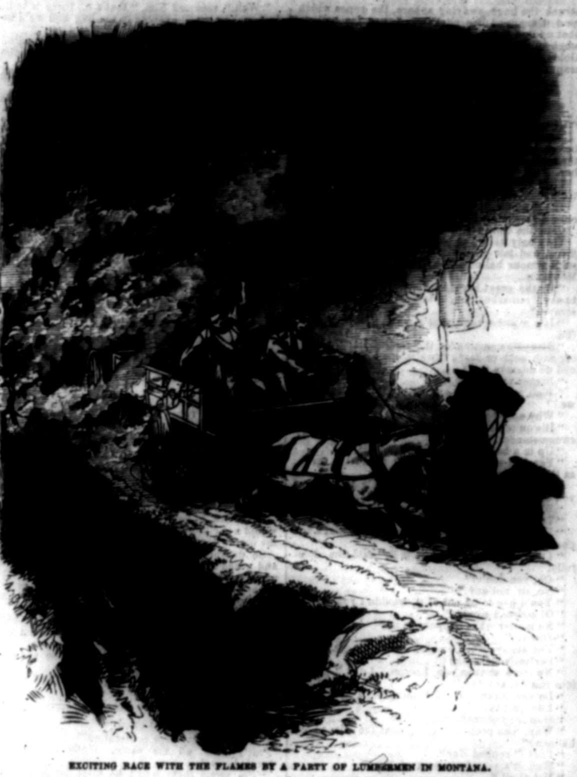
"Which it is likely to be."

"You don't think they would arrest us, do you?" queried Gid, in some alarm.

"Don't I, though?"

"You can just bet your skin they will, if we're fools enough to let them catch us," added Hack.

"Well, I can't help it if they do," said Gid. "I'm too tired to move."



EXCITING RACE WITH THE FLAMES BY A PARTY OF LUMBERMEN IN MONTANA.

"You get tired very easy, don't you, Mr. Goble?"

"Well, there's a good deal more of me to get tired than there is of you."

"How so?"

"Oh, I ain't the living skeleton, you know."

"No, you're more like Barnum's fat woman," replied Sim, who did not relish this reference to his rather skinny figure, "only she's got more gumption, by a long shot."

"What a treat he'd be to a cannibal, wouldn't he?" remarked Hack.

"A perfect feast."

"Only he might make the poor cannibal sick."

"That's so; he would be apt to disagree with him."

"You think you're awfully funny, don't you?" interrupted Gid, who was beginning to get mad.

"We do, indeed."

"Well, you ain't; you're simply ridiculous."

"I didn't know I resembled you so much, Mr. Goble."

And Hack bowed with an assumption of much dignity.

"Well, fellows," remarked Sim, impatiently, "I don't know what you're going to do, but I'm going to dig out"

"I'm with you," said Hack.

"Then let's get."

"You bet."

And they commenced to move away.

"You ain't going to leave me here, are you?" asked Gid.

"Oh, you can come along if you want to," replied Sim.

"I tell you I can't walk."

"Try a crawl, then."

"I don't believe I could crawl up to a roast turkey now."

"Then you better stay there and wait for the turkey to crawl to you. Drop a line to let us know when you get out of jail."

"Out of jail?" exclaimed Gid, springing to his feet with much alacrity. "Well, I begin to feel as though I could walk now."

And he set off at once at a rapid gait.

"From the appearance of things, I should think you could," said Sim, following his example.

"I thought that would start him," added Hack, as he brought up the rear.

Having once more got under way, the Devastators plodded along for about an hour in silence.

It was just daybreak when they came out of a long stretch of woods through which the road had passed, and saw before them a narrow stream of water glistening in the first rays of the rising sun.

As they neared the bridge by which the road crossed it, they saw, to their surprise, that it was a canal.

"By jingo, fellows," exclaimed Hack, "I wonder where on earth we've got to now?"

"I know where I've got," responded Sim.

"Where?"

"I've got most tarnation hungry."

"So have I," said Hack. "Gid, what's the condition of your bread-basket?"

"It's just bumping itself."

"So's mine."

"And mine."

"Well, what shall we do?"

"Why, find out where we are, first."

"How are we going to do that?" asked Gid.

"By asking, stupid."

"I don't see anybody to ask."

"Well, you never will, if you stand there chinning all day; come along."

And leaping down to the towpath, Sim led the way in search of information and something to eat.

They soon came to a lock, and close by, on the very brink of the canal, stood the lock-tender's house.

Sitting at the door, smoking a corn-cob pipe, was the lock-tender himself.

"Good-morning," said Sim, addressing the stranger, affably.

"Mornin'," was the sulky response.

No one has ever found out why, but lock-tenders are always sulky.

"Can you tell us where we are?"

"Why, you're here, ain't you?"

"Well, where's that?"

"That's the foolishest question I ever heerd. Whar'd you come from, anyway?"

"New York."

"And when did you leave thar?"

"Night before last," replied Hack.

"That's a pretty good yarn, bub, but it's a little too hard to swaller. Why! do you know whar you are?"

"No; that's just what we're trying to find out."

"Well, you are in Illinoy, that's where you are."

"In Illinois?"

"Yes, 'bout five miles from Gumblebugg, on the Waybosh Canawl."

"The Wabash Canal?"

"That identical old ditch."

"Well," said Sim, drawing a long breath, "I'm blamed."

"What do you mean," remarked the lock-tender, "by sayin' you've come from New York since night before last?"

"Just what we say."

"Did you fly?"

"Pretty near it."

"I should think so. Why, do you know it's nigh on to a thousand miles?"

"That's nothing."

"How on airth did you do it?"

"We came in a balloon."

"In a balloon?"

"Exactly."

"Well, bust my berm banks, if that don't beat all. Whar's your balloon?"

"It's gone on."

"Gone on where?"

"To China, I guess."

"Did it get away from you?"

"No, we just jumped out and let it scoot; we wanted to see the country."

"Jumped out?"

"Of course we did."

"Thunder! Was you up high?"

"Not more'n a mile."

"Didn't it hurt you?"

"Not a mite; were tough."

"Blame me if you don't look like it. What are you goin' to do now?"

"Get something to eat if we can find a place."

"Come right in here," said the lock-tender, heartily, "and I'll fill you as full of grub as an egg is of meat."

The Mystic Three accepted this invitation without an instant's hesitation, and a few minutes later were devouring corn-bread and fried salt pork at a rate that bid fair to create a famine in the neighborhood.

When even Gid Goble declared that he could eat no more, they asked the lock-tender's permission to take a sleep, and were soon stretched hard and fast on the floor of the little hut, dreaming of new adventures yet to come.

(To be continued.)

"The Mystic Three" was commenced in No. 677.

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## EXCITING RACE WITH THE FLAMES.

TWO lumbermen of Helena, Montana—Leon and Perry—had recently a terrible experience which came within an ace of terminating in the most tragic manner. One afternoon Court Sheriff's wagon and team started down the cañon, loaded with fence-poles, and a few minutes later Leon and Perry, followed with a heavy load of hewn timber. They had got fairly in the cañon when the wind suddenly increased to a lively gale, and in a moment the whole mountain was in flames. Putting the whip to their horses, they commenced a race for their lives. Their only hope lay in outstripping the fire, which was now at their very heels.

To their surprise and consternation, the wagon which had preceded them completely blocked up road, the driver having abandoned it. They set to work with a will, and in a few seconds had the poles unloaded, the wagon uncoupled, and tumbled down the side of the mountain.

They had barely sufficient strength to renew the frightful race. The fire in the meantime had got ahead of them, and putting the whip to their now maddened horses, they began running the gauntlet of fire.

Trees were falling in all directions around them; the atmosphere was thick with smoke, and impregnated with the fumes of burning pitch, making it almost suffocating. Both faces were beginning to wear the appearance of despair, but they urged the horses on till they reached a clearing where they could breathe.

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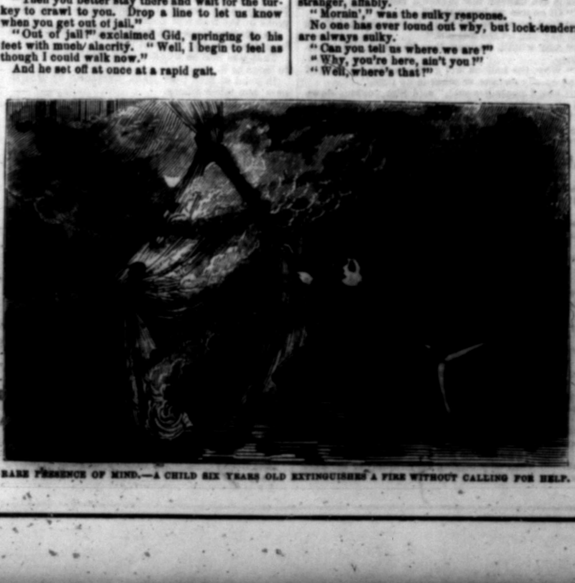


RARE PRESENCE OF MIND.—A CHILD SIX YEARS OLD EXTINGUISHES A FIRE WITHOUT CALLING FOR HELP.

## RARE PRESENCE OF MIND.

A CHILD, not yet six years of age, living on London Terrace, in New York, was sent to light the gas in his parents' room one evening, recently, and to go to bed. There was perfect silence in the chamber for the next fifteen-minutes, at the end of which the boy reappeared, with his little hands clasped tightly, and said to those who were gathered in the parlor, "You needn't be afraid, for I have put the fire all out; the curtain is burned up, but all the fire is out." A rush to the chamber showed that the window-curtain had been entirely consumed, the ceiling badly burned, the contents of an open bureau destroyed, and the carpet scorched. The child had, with an umbrella, torn down the flaming lace curtain, packed it into a corner, and then brought water, with which he extinguished the flames.

◆

## THE UTE MASSACRE.

THE most tragic episode of the war with the Ute Indians in Colorado was the attack by the revolted redskins upon the White River Agency, in charge of Agent N. C. Meeker. The savages had undoubtedly been goaded to desperation by the encroachments of the white men, and their attack upon the agency was an event that might have been expected; but it was made in such a bloodthirsty way, and accompanied with such terrible details of mutilations and indignities as to cause the blood to run cold at the bare recital.

No survivor of that massacre had yet reached the white men's line to tell the story of the day exactly as it happened; but the evidence of the naked corpses of every white man who had been at the agency lying scattered about the agency grounds show how desperate and thorough had been the vengeance inflicted by the Utes.

The agency was reached by the United States troops, under General Merritt, October 10th, for the first time since the massacre, and it was found to be reduced to a pile of still smoldering ruins. All the buildings, except one unfinished storehouse, had been destroyed by fire. The stockade surrounding the place was a blackened line of upright charcoal, and the whole vicinity was tenanted only by the dead bodies of its late occupants. It was a terrible spectacle. A hundred yards or so from his late residence lay Mr. Meeker's body, having on it every evidence of having been beaten and dragged around the grounds by chains for some time before his death. A blow had been given him on the head, and he, as well as the others, had been completely stripped of clothing.

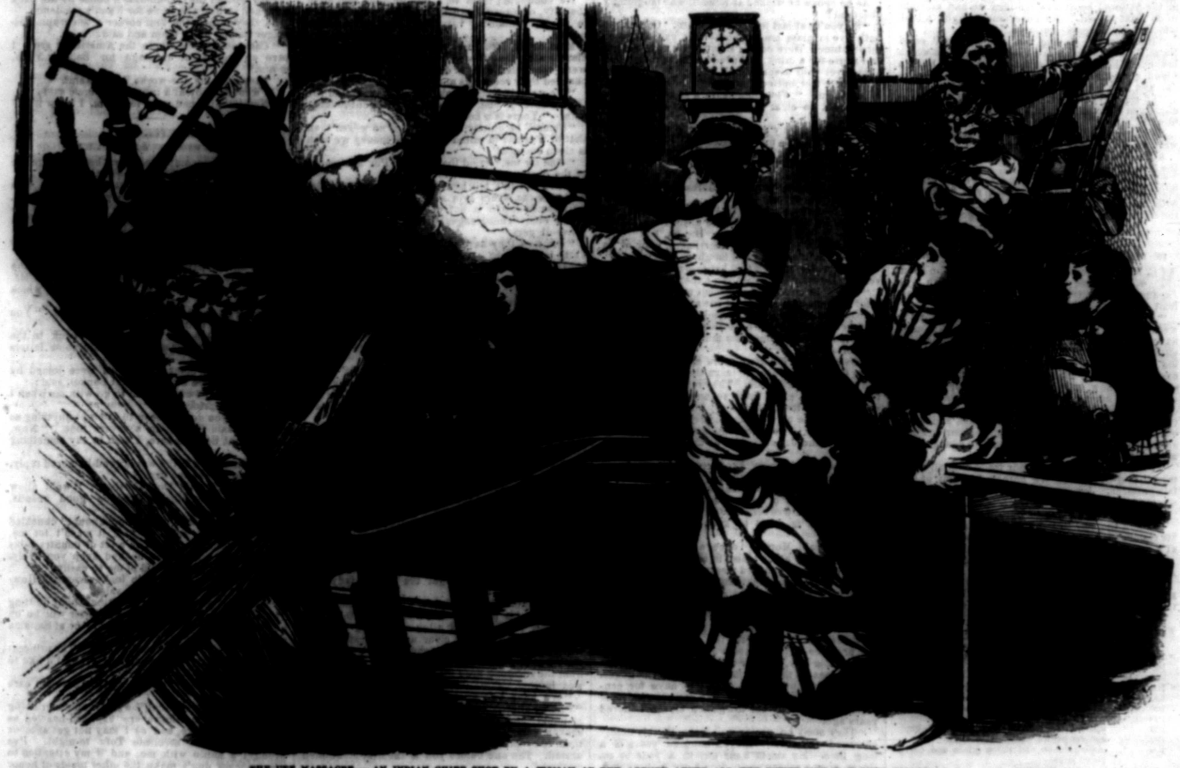
The other bodies discovered, partially burned and disfigured by Indian barbarities, were gradually identified as those of Mr. Price, Mr. William H. Post, Mr. E. W. Eskridge, Mr. Frank Duster, Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Thompson.

No definite news was received of the women and children until the 15th of October, when an Indian runner who was in communication with the hostile camp reported that they were safe. He said that when the massacre of Agent Meeker and his men took place, the white women, comprising Mrs. Meeker, her daughter Josephine, aged eighteen, and others, were quartered in a different building. One of the marauding Indians started to enter this building. He was shot dead upon the threshold by one of the occupants.

Great anxiety was felt in regard to the captives, who were carried from place to place by the Indians, and whose lives might be sacrificed at any moment in their drunken fury.

But finally General Adams came upon the band who held them. It was encamped in a pleasant meadow on Plateau Creek, below Grand River. The Indians endeavored to conceal the prisoners, but Miss Meeker made her way out, and showed the General where the others were.

All were soon among friends, and taken to Alamosa, where Mrs. Meeker fell ill. The terrible journey through the mountains on Indian ponies, with her wound and scanty fare and clothing, had completely prostrated her.



THE UTE MASSACRE.—AN INDIAN CHIEF SHOT BY A WOMAN AT THE AGENCY AFTER ALL THE WHITE MEN HAD BEEN KILLED.

# Through the Heart of Japan.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK,

Author of "Keep your Bounds," "Inventive Ben," "Orville and Dan," "The Chums at Harvard College," Etc.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE RESULT OF ONE OF JOHNNIE'S JOKES.

As the chums and their friends journeyed toward the quarter of the silk-weavers, Johnnie said to Benkei:

"I think that is a jolly good story about the woodcutter; but don't you consider it was rather rough on him for the elder and the old gentleman's great-great-great-great-great - great-great-granddaughter to talk about providing him with a first - class funeral? You bet that scared him back to the mountain!"

"On the contrary," smilingly replied Ben, "the Chinese often purchase a handsome coffin, as a birthday gift, for an aged relative. They consider it a very nice present to make!"

"Do your countrymen ever do that?" chuckled the wag.

"Brack!" exclaimed the doctor, "I am amazed at you! We are not Chinese! There is as great a difference between a Japanese and a Chinaman as between an American and an Indian!"

"There is a greater," remarked Dan. "You Nihonese are the most cleanly beings in the world; a Chinese seldom washes himself. Your countrymen are advanced and liberal in their ideas; the Chinese prefer to remain as they are, or to, what the Irishman termed, move ahead sideways, like a crab.

"Why do you always put your jokes down to the Irish?" inquired Benkei.

Orville glanced first at Dan, then at Don Mortimer, and, finally, at Brackett, after which he said:

"I guess it is because they make more blunders than any other persons!"

"No!" good-humoredly observed Ben. "Say, rather, it is on account of their ready wit! I met with many of them in America, and found they were brave, hospitable, and keenly alive to fun!"

"The Chinese don't seem to admire Irish wit!" slyly remarked Johnnie. "You remember when Kearney, the California sand-lot agitator, came to Boston, how your friends, the washee-washee laundrymen, on Harvard Street, quaked in their thick-soled shoes?"

"Mr. Brackett," proudly answered Benkei, "I have no acquaintances among *your* friends, the Chinese laundrymen!"

"Re-cor-ded!" said Brackett; then, to the amusement of the people on the street, he halted and sang:

"It is greatly to his credit,
Though 'twas himself who said it,
Benkei's a Nihon man,
He is a Ni—hon—man!"

He repeated this verse in Japanese.

The party paused as he indulged in his vagary, and Nami, with a face as grave as an undertaker, went, fan in hand, among the grinning crowd, shouting:

"*Chabu, chabu, kora komaremasu. tempo. Dauna san doso!*" (I beg, I beg of you, gentlemen, a *tempo* (one hundred cash). We are anxious about our next meal.)

The people all understood the joke, for they all knew Nami-kawa.

They piled coins on his fan, and gave him a lot of *reemaysee* (rice-balls, made hard by kneading, used as luncheon by travelers.)

When he had collected a paper-bag full of the refreshments and his fan was heaped with cash, he returned to Johnnie, and offering them to him, said:

"Here, sweet songster, is payment for your effort."

His speech caused Brackett to laugh; then, as he took the food and money, he turned to some lean beggars, who were regarding the *reemaysee* with hungry eyes, and said:

"Take these rice-balls and this lot of cash, and in your prayers remember 'Pinafore.'"

As the poor wretches divided the food and money, they shouted after the retreating chums:

"*Are-gato, Sama Pee-nae-foa! Are-gato, are-gato!*" (Thank you, Mr. Pinafore. Thank you, thank you.)

"I suppose you call that a rattling good joke?" grumbled Orville to Johnnie.

"You bet the beggars consider it a confoundedly good one!" chuckled the wag. "After this, whenever I see any of those hollow-cheeked, hungry *heeneen*, I'll sing, and one of you must carry round the hat."

"I'm blest if I will!" emphatically growled Dan. "I regard such mountebank behavior as undignified."

"Nami," cried Johnnie to the artist, who was walking ahead, "Dan says we're a pair of mountebanks."

"Excuse me," stammered the young man; "I said——"

"Oh, you spoke quite correctly," interposed Nami, laughingly. "I am afraid you think Brackett and myself are very wild boys."

Ere Dan could reply, the party entered a district inhabited by silk-thread spinners—women who, by right of custom, claim certain privileges, such as choosing their own Oto-ko-date (Head man.)

The shops were open to the street, so the spectators could watch the various processes without entering the buildings or disturbing the operators.

The silk, which was in bundles, as reeled from the cocoons, was opened and run on to wheels and spindles, after which it was spun in two, three or four-strand threads, according to the requirements of the weavers.

The machines used were very simple, notwithstanding which the women spun threads of remarkably even quality. Nami explained that cords for heavy brocade were made by twisting or spinning several of the four-strand threads together, which gave them great strength.

The spinners were neatly clothed, and the rooms in which they worked beautifully kept.

As they spun they sang; sometimes singly and at others in chorus.

At one shop, where a number of girls were twisting silk thread for crape goods—which require great care, the material being laid very tightly—the visitors heard the workers sing a song about the Forty-seven *ronins*.

"Kura," said Johnnie, "listen! They are praising you."

"No," sighed the young man; "they are recounting the deed of Oishi Kura-no-suke, my noble ancestor."

"I believe in the Forty-seven," whispered Brackett. "Cheer up, chum; you will live in history as the first Japanese professor of phrenology. Roninism is played out."

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Kura. "I sighed because my countrywomen refuse the beautiful songs of your poets, and stick to their blood-thrilling ditties;" adding, with a sly look: "Won't you sing to them?"

"No, he will *not!*" said Orville, who overheard their conversation.

"But I'm going to!" cried the wag; then, addressing the spinners, he politely observed: "Ladies, I will sing you an American song."

"Here, come away!" remonstrated Dan. "They'll take us for a lot of actors."

"Yes, you've had fun enough," urged Don Mortimer, as Johnnie mounted an inverted water-cask. "Don't make a fool of yourself a second time this morning."

Neither Benkei, Nami nor Kura said anything; they rather enjoying his antics."

"Come, come!" cried the women, to the people in the back and cross streets. "Come and see the fun! The *Jojin baka* (crazy foreigner) is about to sing!"

When the beggars heard this they crowded forward; the blind men among them feeling their way and blowing a sort of double whistle in order to announce their presence.

Johnnie calmly surveyed the assembling of his audience, and resisted all the persuasions of his chums to "Come along."

"You leave me alone," he chuckled. "When we were at Harvard you were always trotting out Benkei to sing Japanese ditties for the astonishment of strangers; now I'm going to give these folks the same sort of treat.

"I wish we had never invited you to join our party," growled Dan, as he glanced sourly at the mob, which by that time closed up both ends of the street, and awaited Johnnie's performance. "You are always making monkey of yourself."

"I'm here, and mean to remain, dear boy," smilingly retorted the wag; saying which, he turned to his audience and remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now sing you 'The Star Spangled Banner!'"

He had a good tenor voice, and as he sang with great taste, his chums could not refrain from joining in the chorus.

When they had ended the song the people yelled:

"*Hurra! Argato!*" (More! more!)

"Oh, come away, Johnnie," said Orv.

"Not by a big jugful," he calmly answered. "Now we're here, with a good crowd gathered, let's give them a treat."

Spite of his chums' frowns, he sang a number of songs, winding up with "Johnnie Morgan."

This made the silk-spinners crazy, and they joined in, singing Japanese words as a chorus.

As he descended from his perch, the Oto-ko-date (head man) of the district came forward with a bag, shouting, in Japanese:

"Girls, girls! Give the poor fellow something for his pains. He has come a long way to please you, and doubtless has aged parents to support!"

"We are guests of the Mikado!" indignantly cried Orville. "Please do not collect a subscription for our companion. He only sang for fun."

The man pretended not to understand him, and extending his *ogi* (folding fan), went among the giggling women, saying:

"Come, you have been amused, now pay up."

Some of them gave a cash or two, and others buttons or paper charms."

"Oh, this is absurd!" grumbled Dan. "It's just how I expected Brack would carry on."

"Then you're not disappointed," was Johnnie's calm reply.

Standing near him was a miserable blind and crippled boy, listening to all that was said, his sightless orbs presenting a most horrible appearance.

Presently the Oto-ko-date advanced with a burlesque air, and bowing, said to Brackett:

"My lord! The subscription of your admiring audience amounts to seventy-two cash, four bent buttons, six charms for the toothache, and a pass to the Buddhist paradise."

"Ha, ha, ha!" screamed the crowd, who, like Benkei, Nami and Kura, thoroughly enjoyed the joke.

Johnnie produced his purse, and taking from it a silver *yen* (dollar), placed the latter among the brass cash, and advancing to the blind boy, slid the coins into his wooden bowl, saying:

"There, my brother. You cannot see the To-jin, so you shall feel that they are sorry for you."

Up to then the people had regarded Brackett as a foreign lunatic, now they understood that beneath his fun was a noble desire to help the unfortunate.

The crippled, sightless boy fell upon his knees, and after thanking Johnnie, said:

"Sama, I have, hereto, always hated your countrymen, because I lost my sight and was crippled by the fire of your guns at Shimonoseki. I now know you are not all like the men who killed our people, burnt our town, and made our princes pay four hundred and twenty thousand *yen* as compensation."

"Compensation for what?" demanded Johnnie.

"For compelling you to do what you did," was the hesitating answer. "You rendered hundreds of Nihonese cripples, sightless and homeless, like myself. Ah, Sama, if your people only knew what a shameful act was, that day, done in their name, they would never have touched a *yen* of our blood-money! You not only killed our people, sunk our ships and bombarded our town, but ruined thousands by compelling us to pay you an indemnity."

“Chums,” gravely observed Brackett, “we owe this poor blind boy more than a dollar,” saying which he emptied the contents of his purse into the crippled lad's hands.

Orville, Dan and Don Mortimer were so moved by his act that they did the same, then, amid the acclamations of the admiring people, quitted the quarter and proceeded to the district occupied by the silk-weavers.

Benkei and Nami had also given the blind youth a sum, and even Kura did his best, according to his means.

“Johnnie,” said Orv, “I take back all I said about your singing.”

“So do I, chum,” remarked Dan.

“And I,” quietly observed Don.

“Boys!” demanded Brackett, who had been greatly affected by the cripple's narrative, “did we kill, burn, destroy, and then ask an indemnity, as he stated?”

“I am sorry to say we did,” answered Don. “So did England, France and Holland, and——”

“Never mind what those countries did,” said Johnnie. “Do you mean to tell me we took that blood-money and used it?”

“We took it,” said Mortimer, “but it's lying in our treasury to-day, and amounts, with principal and interest, to over a million and a quarter dollars!”

“Our government ought to hand it back, for the benefit of poor wretches like that blind boy,” said Dan. “Our folks don't know how it was extorted from Japan.”

“Please do not refer to that unpleasant affair!” pleaded Benkei, who had lingered behind with his two countrymen. “We paid, and there the matter ends; just as you paid the fishery award.”

“No, it don't end,” said Orville. “It's true, we handed over the money on demand, but down deep in the national heart lies the idea we had no right to do what we did. Our government ought to look into that Shimonoseki business.”

“Here we are, among the silk-weavers,” cried Nami, as they turned into a long avenue, from which branched hundreds of cross-streets. “I have a friend, named Morita, in this business. Suppose we call and dine with him, then visit his workshops?”

“All right!” said Orv. “Though, is it not rather cheeky of us to inflict such a number of guests upon him?”

Nami replied “No,” and in a few moments they were at Mr. Morita's establishment.

After the artist had introduced them to their host the latter observed:

“My people make satins, gauzes, velvets, crapes, fancy cloths and brocades. When you have dined with me I'll take you round. You have come to the right place to learn all about silk goods.”

## CHAPTER XXV.

### IN WHICH THE JOKERS JUMP FOR A WAGER.

MR. MORITA led the way to the reception-room of the house and welcomed them with true Japanese cordiality. When rice, fish, vegetables, fruit and tea had been served, he said:

“I am not a manufacturer. I merely employ the weavers, who work at their houses. We Nihonese have few factories, though we are beginning to gather workmen in shops for the purpose of producing large quantities of our kind of fabric. Hereto every weaver has made whatever his idea or taste suggested; now, as we receive orders for hundreds of pieces of one pattern, we are either compelled to decline to fill the same or must have our employés under our supervision. You Americans and other outside nations have not only changed our costume and ideas, but compelled our artisans to change their modes of working.”

“I think it will improve your trade with all countries,” said Orville. “We purchase largely of certain patterns. Job-lots are useless to our wholesale merchants.”

“So we are beginning to learn,” said Mr. Morita.

Leading the way to the first house on the right of his residence, he pointed to some weavers engaged at a common hand-loom, and continued:

“These men are making dress silk goods for Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York.”

“But he's dead, and has been buried and dug up again!” remarked the irrepressible Johnnie. “I think some one must have played you a trick!”

Morita produced a memo, written in Japanese, which he thus translated:

“YOKOHAMA, September 3d, 187—.

“MORITA, Tokio.—Send us at your earliest convenience:

100 pieces *kaiki* (dress silks).
100. “ *kohaku* (dress silks).
100 “ *hosho-tsumu-gi* (plain white dress silks).
100 “ *Yamamai* (silk made in Yamami style).
100 “ *chijimi* (corrugated, plain white silk).
100 “ “ (dyed).
100 “ *une-ori* (fancy dress silk. Purple-pink).
100 “ *aya-ori* (white, fancy dress silk).
100 “ *chijira-donon* and *shasu* (plain and corrugated silks).
100 assorted pieces *Ri-u-mon*, *kinu*, *habutai*, *hakata* and *yatsuhashi*.

“Total, 1,000 pieces, as *samples*, for the distinguished house of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York.

“You must hold yourself in readiness to hereafter fill orders for any above kinds in quantities of one to three thousand pieces. Please instruct your weavers to mark each pattern and keep samples of same, so that they can reproduce them exactly.

(Signed) LING-LUNG HOW,
Compradore for Johnson & Smith.

“Now,” respectfully continued the merchant, “A. T. Stewart being dead, I fear this order will be a dead loss to Johnson & Smith.”

Orville explained that in America a man's name is used in the business he has founded long after the person is dead or has retired from trade.

“It is not so in our country,” said Morita. “We should consider it unlucky to trade in the name of a corpse or ghost. When we open a store we give it a title, such as the ‘Golden Lily,’ ‘Royal Happiness’ or ‘Glorious Fuji.’ Thus it becomes known, and whoever keeps it adds his name, as I do, to the designation of my business, which is ‘The Happy Assortment.’ When my son succeeds me he will retain the title, and write by the side of it ‘By Morita Zenpachi,’ possibly adding that he has succeeded me in the concern.”

“I see,” observed Dan. “Such a custom obtains in Europe, and to a certain extent in America. With us the name of A. T. Stewart carries an association, understood by everybody, of a great house.”

“You just now said he was dead, buried, and had been dug up again,” remarked their guide. “Will you kindly explain what you mean? Was his ghost uneasy?”

“We do not believe in such nonsense,” said Orville. “The persons who stole the body of the great merchant committed the foul act in order to extort money from the dead man's estate.”

As their host appeared puzzled at this the chums described the shameful outrage, on hearing which Morita remarked: “What! are there in your enlightened country people so vile that they, for gain, violate the sanctity of the tomb? We have no such horrible wretches in Nihon.”

“You haven't all the modern improvements!” chuckled Johnnie.

Morita was so moved by the story that he had to retire and drink some rice-brandy.

“You should not have told him, chum,” said Benkei. “He will now regard your honorable people as a nation of body-snatchers.”

“Oh, he needn't make such a fuss,” remarked Kura, who had listened very attentively. “You Americans do not slice off a man's head because a court-lady is offended by the desire of a brave man to obtain justice.”

“Chums,” said Dan, “suppose we talk about the best side of each other's countrymen? Neither we Americans nor you Nihonese are perfect; still, I think it was as well to tell Mr. Morita the scandalous story. It has not horrified him any more than it did our folks; besides, without doubt, the perpetrator of the deed was a foreigner.”

“Of course,” grinned Johnnie. “All the worst crimes in the States are committed by foreigners. You don't think we are green enough to allow that our native citizens would do such things? We confine our eccentricities to a few branches, such as swindling creditors, bigamy, defrauding bank concerns and robbing henroosts, the latter being delegated to our colored brethren. All the murders, burglaries, highway-robberies and sneak thefts are the work of foreigners;” adding, with a sly wink, “so Dan says. Poor foreigners! they are a depraved crowd, particularly the Chinese.”

“You insult Benkei by making such a remark,” warmly answered Dan.

“Go along,” cried the wag; “Ben isn't a Chinaman.”

As he spoke he winked at Benkei, who laughingly observed:

“So you've at last learned the truth. Chums, we both live in glass houses, so neither can afford to throw stones. Here comes Morita. He only wanted an excuse for a drink, and need not have made such a fuss over your description.”

“Now I feel better,” said their host, as he rejoined them. “When one hears a sickening story, one ought to clear his mind with a little rice-brandy.”

“Morita,” quietly asked Nami, “in what part of his body is a man's mind located?”

“In his stomach,” said the silk merchant. “So our old-fashioned doctors say.”

This made the chums smile, but their new friend did not understand why, for, addressing Orville, he knowingly remarked:

“Mr. Nami-kawa thinks he is awfully smart. He always tries to catch me in some absurd admission. Fortunately, I know his tricks. Ha, ha, ha!”

The visitors joined in his merriment, glad of an excuse to indulge in a good laugh.

Morita was highly elated, believing he had said a very smart thing at the artist's expense.

“Now,” he continued, “permit me to give you a brief account of the origin of our silk industry.

“Our great Empress, Jingu-kogo, ordered that certain Coreans should be brought to our country. These people introduced the mulberry-tree and the silkworm.

“Over fifteen hundred years ago we sent some other Coreans to China to learn the art of weaving and preparing silk goods. They returned to Nihon, bringing four girls, two seamstresses and two weavers, who taught the court and people how to wear and make up plain and figured silks.

“These girls married nobles, and were the mothers of the Japanese art of manufacturing silk fabrics.

“Their memory is kept green by a chapel erected to their honor in the province of Setsu.”

“I've been there,” remarked the artist, Nami. “Those four girls of Corea are the patron saints of the Kiyoto silk-weavers, and of all engaged in this business. It is good to keep them in remembrance.”

“Yes,” said Morita, “once a year we have a *matsuri* in their honor; also in that of the Empress Suiko, who, two hundred years after their death, issued regulations concerning the dress to be worn by each class of people.”

“Kiyoto has always led the silk trade, has it not?” said Orville.

“Yes, in figured goods and gold brocades,” replied Morita. “However, the town of Keren, in the province of Kotsuke (or Joshin), to the northwest of this city, has, for the last fifty years, been the chief seat of the manufactory of plain silk goods. I came from there. My ancestors have for centuries been in that business. We can show shirts of plain silk woven by our townsmen eleven hundred years ago.”

“They must be pretty well worn by this time,” observed Johnnie. “Eleven hundred years is a long time. My shirts wear out in a year or so. Guess your washerwomen didn't use a scrubbing-board or patent scouring crystals?”

“Our ancestors washed their bodies oftener than their garments,” said their guide. “Formerly each department or province was famous for its particular wares; now we are making every kind here in Tokio.”

“Just as we now make French silks, German velvets and English cloths all over America,” said Brackett. “If your people did not work so confoundedly cheap we'd cut into your trades.”

Morita led them to a shop in which men were weaving figured goods, with gold threads introduced as decoration.

They operated on an old-fashioned draw-loom, very much like the one used in our country previous to the introduction of the jacquard machine; the only difference being that the simple or symbolt (arrangement of the cords by which the warp-threads are drawn upward) was placed on the top of the loom where sat the draw-boy.

The warp—straight threads, or body of the fabric—was dressed (made stiff) with a glue prepared from seaweed.

“How do you make that gold wire so flexible?” inquired Don Mortimer, pointing to the reel from which ran the glittering thread.

“That is gilded paper cut into fine strips,” answered their guide. “We do not draw our gold into wire as you do, but heavily gild both sides of a tough, flexible paper, which we cut into threads and spool, and weave in with the silk woof, or cross threads, producing the pattern. For embroideries we use a stout, soft silk cord, about which we spirally roll the gold paper.”

They watched the weavers as the latter threw the shuttles, and saw the beautiful figured goods come forth on the roll; after which they went to a finisher's, and beheld the same sort of fabrics dipped in a thin paste or dressing of sea-weed glue and fern-starch, rolled under heavy weights and dried in ovens.

“Now for the crape-weavers,” said Morita, leading the way to a densely populated quarter. “While you are inspecting their work, I will go home and order supper.”

At the entrance to the street they were met by the Oto-ko-date (head man) of the crape-weavers, who, halting before a house, the front room of which contained two looms, said:

“Samas, crape is made differently from all other fabrics, the woof threads of which are spun all one way. In weaving crape, we use two kinds of cross threads, one twisting to the right, the other to the left, both being spun for us closer than are ordinary silk threads. These two kinds of thread are dyed before being woven into the fabric, which, after it leave the loom, is craped as follows: First it is dipped into cold water, then into hot. This shrinks one thread in one direction and the the next in another, and crockles or wrinkles the fabric. By repeating the dipping in hot and cold liquid, we can obtain an intensely craped effect, after which the goods are rolled lightly on wooden rollers and dried.

“I have often wondered how they wrinkled crape,” said Dan. “Now I understand it thoroughly. Your description is very clear.”

“You honor me,” said their guide. “You have a wonderful mind.”

“In your stomach,” whispered Nami to Dan. “Don't forget that.”

“Hush,” replied the young man. “This is most interesting. Anyhow, if our absent friend, Mr. Morita, is not acquainted with the anatomy of the human body, he knows all about silk goods.”

The Oto-ko-date, who had paused in order to let them talk, now observed, with a bow:

“If you gentlemen will follow me, I'll introduce you to the Oto-ko-date of the dyers, who is my friend.”

He conducted them to a foul-smelling section of the city, occupied by grimy people, who worked in sheds, containing vats filled with malodorous liquids.

Most of the structures were built over a canal of clear water, that flowed through the district, and were connected with a ditch, into which they discharged their scourings and vat refuse.

“Pe-weuh!” sniffed Johnnie, as they saluted the Oto-ko-date, a fine, handsome, intelligent-looking man. “Yours is a horrible business.”

“Sama,” he quietly replied, “it is no worse than that of a dealer in salted fish. The money we earn is clean enough.”

“One for *me*,” cried the wag. “I'm a member of the Boston codfish aristocracy.”

“You needn't tell him that,” whispered Orville, who saw the dyers grin at the reply. “The fish business in Japan is not considered a very aristocratic one. Those engaged in it are classed with grave-diggers.”

“Oh, now they have abolished class,” said Brackett, in English. “Besides, do you think I'm ashamed of my good old father's biz? Not much! Why, our crest is a codfish rampant honor, with two fishballs, *argant* (silver), on a field of baked beans *or* (gold); our crest a barrel of salted alewives, held in a mailed hand, and our motto is ‘*Fi-shoh*.’ ”

“What does that mean?” innocently inquired Benkei, who had listened most attentively to the wag's remarks. “Is ‘*fi-shoh*’ Latin, like most of those heraldic mottoes, or is it Chinese?”

“Not much, it isn't,” chuckled Johnnie. “Its good, democratic American, *Fish-oh!*—what my father used to cry when he wheeled his barrow round the streets of old Boston. It's better than a Latin motto.”

“You may well say round the streets,” said Dan. “Boston is built all in a kink.”

“Don't you abuse the city of brown-bread and pork-and-beans,” laughingly observed Benkei. “I won't stand by and hear it run down, even by you, chums. You forget I'm a Harvard man!”

“He's thinking of the professor's daughter,” said Brackett, adding: “By the way, I'm going to serenade the Princess to-night. Won't you come, Ben?”

“Take my advice and don't attempt anything so foolish,” sternly answered Benkei. “Serenading is considered vulgar by our people. If you persist in your design it may get the young lady into trouble.”

The Oto-ko-date of the dyers, who had gone ahead to prepare his people for the arrival of their visitors, now returned, and after explaining why the vats were between the clear and dirty streams of water, led them to a dye-shed, where workmen were washing plain silk goods, in order to free them from the stiffening used for dressing the warp before weaving.

“We have two ways of dyeing,” said the man. “One by alternately dipping the goods in two kinds of liquid, and the other by placing the fabrics in sunken vats, protected by mats, and permitting them to remain until the fabrics are completely saturated. The one before you is the first-mentioned method.”

They watched the dyers take the fabrics from the washing-vats and dip them in the color, the tints being increased or deepened according to the number of immersions.

“Come!” whispered Johnnie to Nami; “suppose, while the boys are enjoying these smells, you and I go ahead and find a *saki*-shop? I want a smoke, and you must be thirsty.”

The artist nodded assent, and quitting their companions, the pair went on ahead.

Presently they arrived at an open spot, spread with nice clean mats. These covered deep vats, containing goods in the process of dyeing.

Brackett did not know of this, neither did Nami, who, though living in Tokio, had never before inspected the dyers' district.

The workpeople had nearly all crowded to see the strangers, the only person in sight being an aged man, who was as deaf as a post.

“What are those mats spread *for*?” asked Johnnie, in English.

“*Matsuri?*” (festival) mumbled the old fellow, catching at the word mats. “*Hai-hai!*” (yes, yes) then, chuckling to himself, he leaped like a goat across one of the covered pits, and landed on the ridge between the line of tanks.

“That was a big jump for an old boy,” said Nami. “He's a lively one for his age.”

“Bet you I can leap twice as far!” cried Johnnie.

“Bet I can beat you, anyhow,” said Nami.

As they took up their positions, each before one of the mat-hidden vats, their party came in sight.

“Ready!” shouted Nami.

“Yes,” cried Brackett.

The artist and Johnnie swung their arms and prepared to leap.

“Stop!” yelled the Oto-ko-date. “Stop, *sama!*”

“One, two, three, jump!” went Nami.

The pair rose like deer, cleared the first line of mats, and simultaneously landed upon the second, which, being simply laid on cross pieces of thin bamboo, sank beneath their weight, and let them into the colored mixtures.

Johnnie had jumped into a blue liquid, and Nami into one tinted a deep-green.

A roar of laughter arose from the dyers, and even Orv, Dan, and the other visitors could not refrain from smiling.

Both victims vanished for an instant beneath the fluid, then rose, like corks, and grasped the edges of their bathing-places.

“Hello, Nami,” coolly remarked Brackett, “you are greener than I am, old man.”

“I don't look as blue about it as you do,” laughingly answered his fellow-sufferer.

“Anyhow, boys,” merrily observed Johnnie, addressing his convulsed chums, “you can't say but that we *dyed game*? Come, fish us out, chums. A little of this liquor goes a long way.”

The Oto-ko-date turned to his men and bade them help the visitors out of the vats, remarking, as the colored pair were landed on the ridge:

“Samas, you are now members of the Honorable Company of Dyers.”

“Yes, yes!” shouted the amused workmen.

“I suppose that means we are expected to pay a fee?” whispered Nami. “We jumped into more than we bargained for. We didn't come here to dye.”

They handed the man some money, and following him to his dwelling, bathed, spite of which they could not remove the color from their skins.

“Come, friend Johnnie,” said Nami, as they clothed themselves in the Oto-ko-date's best garments, “you and I will quit the party and go to my house. I know of something that will cleanse us.”

“I'm glad you do,” murmured Brackett. “Say, Nami, you won't go a blind jump again in a hurry, eh? I can hear chums and the dyers laughing at us now.”

They quitted the Oto-ko-date's house by the back way, and struck a bee-line for Nami's residence.

As they turned the first corner a telegraph-messenger rushed up to them and said:

“Can you tell me where the Americans are? I have an important message for Benkei Yuzo, *so-nin*.”

“They're in the dye-works,” said Nami.

Off went the boy at a run, and Johnnie said:

“Nami, that is bad news for chum. I know it is.”

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A LIVELY SERENADE.

BRACKETT accompanied Nami home, where the pair used some Tengu-powder.

The telegraph-boy hunted out Benkei, who, with the rest of the visitors, was inspecting the dye-vats.

“Are you the gentleman to whom this is addressed?” said the lad, offering the telegram to Ben.

The doctor opened the envelope, and after perusing its contents, hurriedly remarked to Orv: “My father is very sick. I must go to him at once.”

They all sympathized with him, and bidding the Oto-ko-date of the dyers adieu, returned to Mr. Morita, who loaned Benkei a *jin-riki-sha*, in which he started for the *yashiki*.

“I shall go home on my bicycle,” he cried. “You boys come out to-morrow and join me.”

Orv, Dan, Don and Kura walked back to the *yashiki*, where the Americans found some letters from home.

About nine o'clock the chums were joined by Brackett, who, on hearing about Benkei, said:

“I'm sorry. I wanted him to go with me when I serenade the princess.”

“Surely you do not mean to attempt anything so absurd?” said Orville, in a severe tone. “Now, all of us but Ben are here, I wish to say something to you.”

“Go ahead,” was the wag's good-humored reply. “You can't make me mad.”

“Brackett,” said Don Mortimer, “we'll allow your tricks sometimes produce good results, but——”

“Then what are you growling about?” chuckled Johnnie. “See here, boys, if it wasn't for me, you'd go moping around like a lot of country folks on a holiday. I stir you up and keep you lively. You're not going to get rid of me so easily.”

His chums endeavored to look serious. However, it was no use, so Orville said:

“Johnnie, we've been consulting about quitting Tokio. If we don't start soon, Winter will be on us, and we shall have to remain here or at Saitama until Spring.”

“I'm willing,” remarked Brackett. “The princess and myself are getting on splendidly, and I'd like to stay here for good.”

“What nonsense!” said Dan. “She does not care for you.”

“Oh, you may say that,” was Johnnie's grinning response. “You fellows are as hard-hearted as flints. I'm in love, and as I may not get another chance, mean to serenade Tofu to-night. I've brought a banjo with me, and if my attention to the princess don't make the other maids-of-honor envious, I want to know.”

“Well, it will be your last chance of seeing her for some time,” observed Orv. “We shall quit this to-morrow, go to Benkei's house, and from thence bicycle it through the heart of the country to Kioto.”

“How about my pupil, Kura?” demanded Brackett. “I've promised to take him with us! Surely you won't abandon the poor fellow, now he is being so rapidly civilized? Why, he knows the names and locations of the forty-three bumps, and is coming along splendidly.”

“You must place him at some school until we return,” said Orv. “Ours is going to be a bicycle trip, and we only want those with us who can ride. You ought to remain here and superintend his education.”

Brackett laughed at this suggestion; then, summoning Kura, informed him of his chums' desire.

“I am willing,” he said. “I hope to some day accompany my teacher upon a lecturing tour.”

Johnnie retired, in order to dress and tune his banjo, leaving the others chatting about him. When he returned he said:

“Nami, removed that dye in a trice. I wish he could go with us!”

“One practical joker in a party is too many!” muttered Dan.

As he spoke a servant entered with a telegram. It was from Benkei, and ran:

“Saitama, Tuesday evening. Just in time to prevent native doctor from killing my father. I think he will be about to-morrow. Come, by all means. Yuzo.”

“Get everything packed, right away,” remarked Orv to Brackett. “We shall leave all our spare traps at Saitama. Why not write a note to the princess instead of serenading her?”

“How confoundedly fond you are of interfering with my affairs!” cried Johnnie, shouldering his banjo. “Come along, Kura!”

As the wag and his pupil quitted the *yashiki*, Dan observed to Orville and Don Mortimer:

"Mark my words, Johnnie will get into trouble to-night! The Japanese do not understand serenading and the guards will fire at him! I wish he would go home! He is a nuisance!"

"Oh, he's like a cat—always falls on his feet!" said Don. "Where either of us would get stuck, he gracefully wriggles out. I don't believe he cares for that young lady; he only makes up to her in order to worry Benkei!"

"I don't know so much about that," said Dan. "I believe he's foolish enough to marry her! Can't we politely get rid of him?"

"He wouldn't go, anyhow!" observed his brother. "I think the princess is by far too good for him! She ought to marry our noble old chum, Ben!"

Leaving them to chat over the matter and to pack their belongings, we will follow Johnnie and his pupil.

The night was dark and cool, and the streets were, save by the police and a few foreigners, deserted.

"Teacher, let me carry your *samisen* (banjo)," said Kura.

"All right," answered Brackett. "Do you know the way to the palace? I'll be hanged if I do."

"Oh, I could move about the city were I blindfolded," confidently returned Kura. "You forget I was born here."

"I want to go round to the back of the main building," murmured his patron. "Tofu told me that all the maids-of-honor live in the eastern wing."

"I know it well," responded Kura. "Isn't it cold?"

"Yes," said Johnnie. "Keep quiet; I don't wish to attract attention."

"Every now and then they were stopped by the police, who, on ascertaining Brackett was a foreigner, bowed and permitted them to pass.

"It's the hour of the Fox" (ten to twelve, midnight), said Kura. "I wish we had brought lanterns."

"Why?" asked his companion. "That isn't American style."

"I'd like them to keep away evil spirits," said the other, nervously clutching Johnnie's arm. "The *kama-itachi* (sickle weasel) is abroad at this hour."

"Kura," solemnly remarked Brackett, "the only evil spirits in this world are rum, and the like. I never saw a ghost, nor did any one else. If you are afraid, give me the banjo, and go back to the *yashiki*."

"I'll accompany you," penitently muttered Kura. "I prefer death to being considered a coward."

He led the way, moving briskly in order to keep warm.

After a while they passed out of the foreign quarter, and neared the palace of the Empress, which, like all imperial buildings, was surrounded with shrubbery and trees.

"This way, teacher," whispered Kura. "I know the path."

By that time most of the lights in Tokio had been extinguished, and the pair could scarcely see a foot before them.

"Come on," breathed Kura, as they neared a long structure. "This is the eastern wing of the Empress's palace."

The pair halted, and Johnnie, after glancing at the line of dimly-lighted windows, whispered:

"I wonder which, in thunder, is Tofu's?"

"Kura scratched his head."

"I'd hate to go back again without serenading her," continued Brackett. "The boys will have the laugh on me, if I do that."

"Yes," murmured Kura, who was shivering. "Don't you feel the white dew falling?"

"I feel mad!" snapped Johnnie. "I ought to have got the location of her room. You see, I calculated on its being fine to-night. She told me the young ladies sit up late telling stories, and that they would be delighted to hear me play and sing."

"I—I—I sup-pose they—wo-o-o-uld," said his companion, whose teeth chattered like dice in a box. "It's awful co-co-oold, isn't it?"

"Here, give me the banjo. I'll chance it!" pettishly observed Johnnie.

Kura handed him the instrument, and was in the act of moving toward a clump of trees when he suddenly vanished into a pit, used by the gardeners as a receiver for dead leaves and similar rubbish.

It was twelve or thirteen feet deep, and contained not only decayed vegetation, but a stray dog that had dropped in, just as Kura did, and fallen asleep.

Finding itself attacked, the animal flew at the ex-*ronin*, and set its teeth in his clothing.

"Say," whispered Brackett, "what's your little amusement, Kura-no-suke?"

"I've tumbled into a hole," shouted Kura. "A dog has bitten me!"

"Lick him, then," said Johnnie. "Keep the confounded thing quiet; he'll spoil my serenade."

Kura contrived to grasp the animal by the neck and to half choke it, then remarked, in an injured tone:

"*Ha-yaku!* (Hurry up.) This beast is hard to hold, and if I let it go it will devour me!"

"Oh, you're all right so long as you've a grab on him," said Brackett, in a low tone. "I can see the outline of Tofu at the next window. Keep a good hold on that brute while I am singing."

Leaving his pupil to struggle with the dog, he advanced to the veranda, and after tuning his instrument, played and sang in his best style:

"Come into the garden, Tofu,
The black bat, night, has flown.
Come into the garden, Tofu,
I'm here at the gate alone.
Alone! I'm here at the gate
A———— ——lone!"

As he sang the last word, the invisible lady moved back the paper-screen that in a Japanese house serves for a window-sash, and threw a bowl of water over him, crying, in her own language:

"Skeech! skeech! Go away, beast of a cat!"

She could not see him, her eyes being unaccustomed to the darkness, but he saw she was old, wrinkled and angry-looking.

Thinking to have a joke, he played a prelude, and sang, in a lively style:

"Sally come up! Sally come down!
Sally come twist your heel around!"

"Help! Thieves! Murder! Robbery!" she yelled; then, rushing out, grabbed the laughing intruder by the coat-collar, and screamed at the top of her cracked voice.

Soon a host of ladies, servants and court-guards arrived.

Among the number was Tofu, or, rather, the Princess Ichijo, who, on beholding him, almost fainted with terror, serenading being considered improper, or, at least, not the correct sort of attention for a princess to receive from a commoner.

She saw the old woman and guards hustle Johnnie, and as they did so the poor girl wept.

Her companions, who were in the secret, felt sorry for her, and pitied Brackett, whom they all thought was "just splendid."

Upon finding himself so savagely dealt with, for the old person scratched like a cat, and the guards hit him anywhere with their bamboo staves, and broke his banjo all to flinders, Johnnie turned and fled, presently tumbling headlong into the leaf-pit on top of Kura, who gave a yell worthy of an Indian, and released the dog.

The latter sprang upon the body of the last arrival and leaped out of the hole, scaring the guards, as they advanced, bamboo in hand.

"I knew it was a fox," squeaked the old woman, who was the chief of the female servants. "Something dreadful will happen to her most gracious majesty the Empress. It was a fox in human shape. I know that by the infernal noise it made."

As she spoke, Kura gave another howl, and shouted:

"Help, or my teacher will be smothered!"

The guards procured ropes and hoisted their prisoners from the hole, and when Johnnie came to he saw Tofu tearfully regarding him, so he said, in English:

"Sweet princess, here's a pretty go. I've put my foot in it this time."

[To be continued.]

"Through the Heart of Japan" was commenced in No. 471.

# The Young Hero of Cape Ann;

Or,

## The Fishing Trip of an American Boy.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

### CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

MEANWHILE, the boats from the American sloop-of-war were close at hand.

"Hello, there; please to hurry up!" shouted Old Tom. "I guess we can fix matters when *you* come."

Five minutes later the American boats were alongside.

The lieutenant in charge of one of them sprang aboard.

He was a tall young fellow, standing full six feet four, with long, black hair, a dark, handsome face and an eye like a hawk.

The two lieutenants bowed to each other and lifted their caps.

"What is the trouble here?" inquired the American.

The English officer explained, and then George and Captain Palmer told their story, the latter showing his papers.

"There can be no doubt upon the matter," said the American lieutenant. "Neither this schooner nor her men must be molested, whereas those rascals of the coast gang deserve punishment!"

"There must be an inquiry made," said the Englishman, firmly. "I insist upon that!"

"And I say there is none required," answered the other. "These men shall remain unmolested, even if we have to protect them with our guns!"

The Englishman smiled.

"I should regret our having to resort to such a measure," he replied. "But if we did, you would find that we had guns, too!"

The two officers surveyed each other, haughtily.

"I am going to arrest these men," said the Englishman.

"If you try it, I shall prevent you," said the American lieutenant.

"We will see about that," said the other. "Jump aboard here, my lads!" he added to the men in the boats.

"Aboard here, my boys!" cried the American.

Up each side of the schooner sprang two bands of stalwart men.

The Englishman drew his sword, and the other did the same.

A combat seemed inevitable when Bertha sprang between the two parties.

"Hold!" she cried. "There must be no strife—no bloodshed over this affair!"

She drew herself up as she spoke, and looked so beautiful that the two young officers involuntarily lowered the points of their swords.

Captain Palmer took his daughter by the arm and gently drew her to one side.

"For honor's sake, it is necessary, Bertha," he said. "There seems to be no help for it, under the circumstances. The American officer is bound in duty to protect us."

"Seize these men!" said the English lieutenant to his party—"the men belonging to the schooner!"

The sailors advanced to obey. One of them laid hands on George, who, striking out suddenly, knocked him down with his fist.

Old Tom grappled with another.

"Now, boys!" shouted the American officer, waving his sword. "Have at these Englishman!"

With a cheer the blue-jackets were about to engage, when the sharp report of a swivel was heard astern.

"Hold!" cried Bertha, her organ-like voice ringing through the craft. "Here comes a boat from the English vessel. They are signaling."

In fact, the shrill notes of a boatswain's whistle were now wafted over the waters from the approaching boat.

The English lieutenant ordered his men to fall back in line, and the Americans did the same.

The two parties of men stood glaring at each other like tigers at bay, while their officers watched the approaching boat.

Another boat from the American was now seen coming toward the schooner.

Both boats now came alongside at the same time. The captain of the English war-vessel was in one, and the commander of the American in the other.

They saluted as they stepped aboard.

"I have come," said the English captain, to his lieutenant, "to countermand the order I gave you. One of those colony men has just died from the wounds he received aboard this vessel the other night. He made a confession ere he died to the effect that these Americans are the rightful owners of this craft, and that their story about the affair is the true one."

The lieutenant bowed.

"I have thought that it might be so, sir," he said, "especially since Captain Palmer showed me his papers."

"Then why, in the name of the etarnal Gin'ral Jackson," cried Old Tom, "did you persist in wanting to arrest us?"

"Because I supposed an inquiry was necessary," said the lieutenant. "Besides, I was bound to obey orders."

Mutual explanations followed.

"I am glad we did not come to blows," said the English lieutenant to the American.

"For that matter, so am I," answered the latter.

"Those colony fellows shall be punished, sir," said the British captain to the other. "They have carried matters too far."

"So I should think, sir," replied the American. "A stop should be put to the persecutions to which our fishermen are subjected."

"How did that man come to make the confession?" inquired Palmer.

"It seems he had been ill-treated by the acting captain of the gang to which he belonged. The captain denied the truth of his story, but the man informed us that we would find letters on his person proving the truth of his statements. Accordingly, we searched the fellow, and there, sure enough, hidden in his breast-pocket, were letters from his chief—a person signing himself Captain Merle—showing that the gang was a regularly organized one for doing mischief to the American fishermen. In this letter the capture of the *Falcon*, and also of this schooner, by the gang was spoken of."

Both the English captain and his lieutenant, having apologized for the trouble they had caused the people of the schooner, now started on their return to their own vessel.

The captain of the American war craft told Palmer that if he would pilot him to the bay in which the *Falcon* was aground, he would try to get it afloat for him.

A breeze springing up soon after, the two vessels sailed in company.

In a few days George had piloted the sloop to the bay in which lay the wreck.

But no part of the *Falcon*, except a portion of the bow, was found remaining.

She had broken up during the last gale, and the fragments had drifted off.

The schooner was now headed upon her course.

In about a week from that time she was within a few hundred miles of the coast of Nova Scotia.

Captain Palmer, with his daughter, was on the quarter-deck conversing with George, and the schooner, before a fair wind, with all sail set, was bowling swiftly along upon her way through the sunlighted waves, when one of the men forward sang out that there was something on the water ahead.

George soon had his glass pointed toward the object.

"It is a wreck," he said.

As the *Columbia* drew still nearer to it, it was seen to be the hull of a schooner, with both topmasts gone, down on its beam-ends, the forward part submerged in the sea.

"It is Captain Merle's vessel—the *Briton!*" cried George, reading, by the aid of his glass, the name upon the stern.

"Thunderation! you don't say so, my boy!" cried Old Tom.

"There are people in the rigging!" cried Captain Palmer.

"Ay, ay," said George; "I see."

"Bad as they are," said Bertha, "we must rescue them."

"That wreck has been in the water a long time," remarked George. "Stand ready to clear away the quarter-boat," he added, as the schooner approached the dismasted hull.

The *Columbia*, speeding swiftly on, was soon within three ships' lengths of it.

George then came up into the wind, lowered his boat, and pulled for the wreck.

There were three men in the main rigging, lashed to the shrouds, with their backs toward the approaching boat.

George pulled round to the other side of the wreck, as it would be easier to board her by the weather gangway than to leeward, where she was submerged.

This brought him in front of the three forms in the rigging.

He just gave one look, and then shook his head.

The men were dead!

The crew boarded the vessel and gazed at them.

They were securely lashed to the shrouds in such a way that they occupied an upright position.

But their heads were bowed down upon the ratlines, and their set, rigid features and glaring eyes betokened that they had been dead for many hours.

"One of them is Captain Merle!" cried Old Tom, pointing at the lower form. "The Lord have mercy on his soul, though, to tell the truth, I'm darned if I would, if I were in His place."

"The vessel must have been wrecked in the last heavy gale we had," said George.

"Ay, ay," answered Tom. "I wonder if the rest of 'em escaped."

George pointed to the two boats, which hung stoven on the cranes.

"I believe those were all the boats they had, so they must have perished. Probably they were washed overboard."

"It serves 'em right," cried Old Tom; "although had they been even half way honest chaps, I would be the last man to say that."

"In my opinion, we had better leave this wreck as soon as we can," said Captain Palmer, who had accompanied the party in the boat. "She will go down in a few minutes."

In fact, an ominous gurgling sound was heard, and the hull now and then swayed violently, as if about to make the final plunge.

The crew entered the boat, and they had scarcely time to push away from the wreck when down it went, sinking suddenly out of sight, taking the dead men with it.

George returned to the schooner.

The vessel was continued on her course, and in due time she was off the coast of Nova Scotia.

The young captain finally came to an anchor in the bay, on the borders of which were the building and outhouses of his friend Burrows.

He saw Burrows, and he and his men were soon employed in stocking the schooner with her load of cod.

In a couple of days she had her cargo in, and was then headed for home.

As she passed a fleet of fishing-schooners her crew noticed a large sloop-of-war, which had lately come to anchor on the grounds, and had the American flag at her gaff.

"That is our friend who interfered in our behalf," said Captain Palmer.

"Ay, it certainly is," said Old Tom; "and here comes a boat making for us."

The boat was soon alongside.

The same lieutenant who had opposed the British officer on the day he came to arrest the crew of the schooner sprang aboard. He shook hands with George.

"It seems we have been running nearly on the same course," he said, "although out of sight of each other."

"Yes," said George, "and you were the first to arrive here."

"We were in a hurry," was the answer. "We had been ordered to proceed to the fishing-grounds without delay."

"I wish an American sloop-of-war would always remain on the grounds," said George. "It would save our fishermen a world of trouble."

"If I had my say," answered the lieutenant, "I would always have one there. By-the-way, I came to tell you about those fellows of the coast-gang aboard that British sloop-of-war."

"They are still prisoners aboard of her, I suppose," said George.

"No, they have escaped."

"Escaped?"

"Yes. A few days after we parted from you we again fell in with the Englishman. He sent a boat aboard of us, and we learned that the prisoners had got off. They got through one of the port-holes into a boat alongside, on a dark, foggy night, and, either unseen by the sentry, or else 'winked at' by him, they pulled off.

"As soon, on the next day, as the captain was informed of their escape, he looked for them, cruising here and there for them, but so far he had not been able to find them. Well, we parted company with the Englishman and headed on our course.

"On the next morning, while we were passing within seven miles of one of the Irish headlands, we saw an object ahead of us on the water.

"As we drew nearer we perceived that it was a man seated astraddle of an overturned boat. We finally picked him up.

"He was badly hurt about the head, his skull having apparently been nearly fractured by a heavy blow.

"Our surgeon administered such remedies as were needed, but the man failed rapidly. We asked him how he came to be in the situation in which we found him.

"'I may as well make a clean breast of it, as I am going to die,' he said. 'I, with some others, escaped the other day from an English sloop-of-war, aboard of which we were confined for foul play against some American fishermen.'

"He then told me the whole story, so that I knew he was one of the 'coast gang' who had escaped from the British war-vessel.

"After leaving the vessel he and his companions pulled for the Irish coast, which they finally succeeded in reaching. It chanced, however, to be a part of the coast near which some smugglers were in hiding.

"The party of the 'coast gang' fugitives were attacked by an overpowering number of the smugglers the moment they landed, and all were beaten to death except this man, who succeeded, after he had been struck several times, in plunging into the sea and swimming off to the boat, which had drifted away from the shore. He got into it, and seizing an oar, sculled the boat away.

"It was now night, and he could not see very well around him.

"The consequence was that the boat struck against the edge of a rocky promontory, where there was a strong tide, and was capsized.

"The man contrived to get astraddle of it.

"He was by this time so faint and dizzy that he felt as if he could not hold up his head much longer.

"All through the night, however, he managed to keep his place, and at dawn he saw the sails of our craft in the distance.

"Glad enough he was when he was picked up, but he had not been aboard many minutes when he felt certain that his end was approaching.

"In fact, shortly after he had finished his story, he had breathed his last."

"It does seem," said Old Tom to George, after the lieutenant had taken his leave, "as if those chaps have all met their desarts for sarving us so badly."

"There are are many more like them, I fear," said George.

A fortnight later the *Columbia* was safely moored in Gloucester Harbor.

With a cordial invitation to George to visit him—echoed by a still more earnest one from Bertha—Mr. Palmer sailed with his daughter for Plymouth.

Not long after the young captain came to them in their seaside home.

He remained with them a whole month, during which, with but little difficulty, he won the consent of Bertha's father to make her his wife.

A few weeks later the two were married in a little church on the outskirts of Plymouth, with only a few friends, amongst whom was Old Tom, to witness the ceremony.

Tom made quite merry over the affair, and danced a hornpipe with another fisherman in honor of it.

In course of time George took his bride with him to Gloucester. Captain Palmer went with them, and he was persuaded to remain.

The three now occupy a neat dwelling on the outskirts of Salem, commanding a good view of the sea.

George, having earned a fortune in his calling, has, with the exception of an occasional fishing cruise, more for pleasure than profit, given up the wild sea-life to which, like many of the Cape Ann people, he was born and bred.

Old Tom has also "stopped business." With his sister Jenny, who has married an old widower and farmer, named Marston, he now leads a quiet, peaceful life, assisting about the farm and sometimes milking the cows.

He often visits his young friend George Holt and his pleasant wife, from both of whom he ever receives a warm welome.

THE END.

# Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

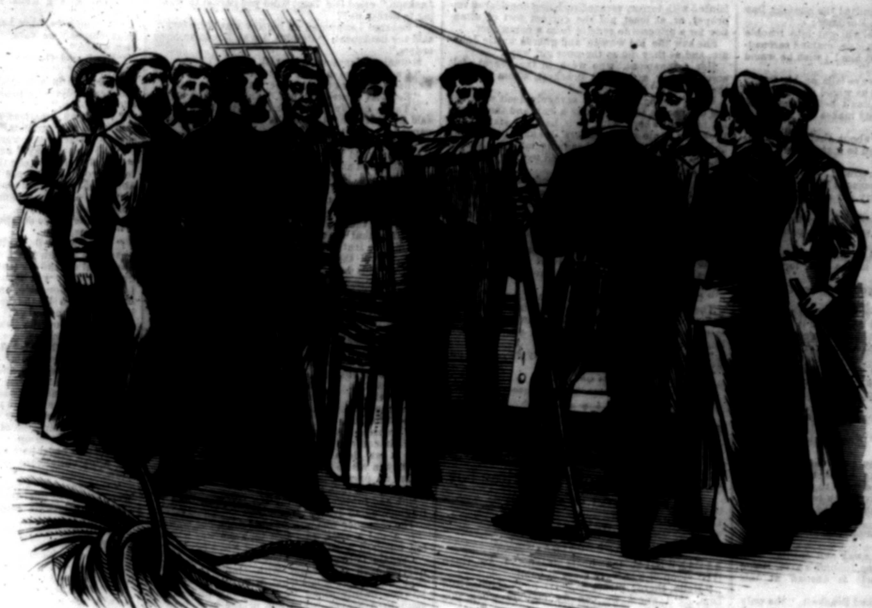
AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHTHEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XVII.

(Continued from page [illegible].)

"I DO my duty if I die for it."

"Ah, pshaw!" exclaimed Jack Johnson; "who the h— are you? I don't think you of much account, if you are a jumped-up ship's-boy, made captain more by luck than anything else. Bet you the owners will never give you a ship if you do get home, in spite of all your blowing about doing your duty. A bully captain you are. Let the men have their fling and look pleasant over it."



THE YOUNG HERO OF CAPE ANN.—"A COMBAT SEEMED INEVITABLE, WHEN BERTHA SPRANG BETWEEN THE TWO PARTIES. 'HOLD!' SHE CRIED. 'THERE MUST BE NO STRIFE—NO BLOODSHED OVER THIS AFFAIR!'"—SEE PAGE 263.

"Avast there, avast! you shrinking cur," replied Kedge, "or——"

"Hold on," interrupted Rob; "he knows I can settle him—the bar-room loafer—the fancy Britisher."

Jack Johnson waived his hand and smiled as a low noise broke upon his ear.

"You are too late, Mr. Kedge Anchor," he exclaimed; "the men have taken advantage of my talking to you to break into the spirit-room, and you can bet your boots they'll have a high old time now, and you can't stop them."

"Confound you," said Kedge.

"You shouldn't lose such valuable time saying what you'll do. Do it, but don't talk about it," continued Jack Johnson, in an irritating manner.

"I can do for him," said Rob.

"What is that, old smarty?"

Rob had picked up a belaying-pin, and with that he struck the fellow a blow on the head which sent him on his back insensible.

"Well done, my lad!" exclaimed the doctor; "I don't like deeds of violence, as a rule, but upon my soul that fellow deserved it."

"Isn't it too bad of the men to go on like this?" remarked Kedge.

"It is."

"They ought to know that the only chance of saving their lives is keeping sober, and leaving me to work the vessel as well as I can. It makes me sick to think they can be such outlandish fools."

"Isn't it Johnson's fault?"

"Probably. I wonder, doctor, if you were to go and speak to them if it would do any good?"

"Not for a cent," replied Doctor Ames; "they've tasted rum by this time, so good-by discipline."

"They are self-murderers."

"Well, their lives are their own. Let them go it of their own sweet will, and it will be devil take the hindmost. I vote we sit down and put on some life-belts, so as to be prepared for any emergency which may arise."

Kedge looked at the raging sea, which swept over the ship at every lurch she made, and with a sigh descended the companion. The after-part of the vessel had shipped a good deal of water, and the captain's cabin was swamped.

"I have a horror of intemperance," said the doctor, "but I believe in taking a drop when you feel you want it."

"Help yourself," replied Kedge, "if you feel like it. That locker to the right is poor Captain Brown's. He was not a drinking man by a long way, but he took a horn once in a while. I guess you'll find something of every kind in it, though God knows I haven't had the heart to look in it since the old boy was swept overboard. It quite took all the steam out of me."

Doctor Ames examined the cupboard, and found some excellent old rum, which had a "Jamaica" label on the bottle.

This he tasted with considerable gusto.

"I recommend this," he exclaimed, "to both of you. It is a fine cordial. Join me in a glass."

Kedge and Rob did not refuse, as they were wet and cold, and felt in need of something to cheer them and keep their spirits up.

"By thunder!" Kedge said, "I'd like to stop those fellows. "D'ye hear what a noise they're making. It's my duty, doc, to go and see to them."

"Do you want to get shot?"

"Not much."

"That's what will happen to you," replied the doctor. "Suppose you go and remonstrate with half-drunken men, they will be impudent, and you, like a free and enlightened citizen of the United States, will call them beasts; they'll sauce you back again and you'll shoot. Half a dozen pistols will be leveled at you. And the end of it all will be that you'll kill a man and some other man will kill you."

"I suppose you're right, doc."

"Now, be sensible. Let them take their chance and we'll take ours. I know who will get the best of it. Suppose we have a game of euchre?"

"I can't trifle with death," replied Kedge.

"Oh, pshaw! we all owe heaven a death. We must die some time or another. Let us be jolly."

"All right," said Kedge. "Who's got a deck?"

The doctor was an inveterate card-player, and he produced one from his pocket. "Three-handed. Brace up, Rob," he exclaimed. "It's cutthroat. Cut for deal. A quarter a corner. The jack of spades. I deal. Now, you boys mind your stamps, for I mean to scoop in all I can."

They played cards for a couple of hours, but they thought little of the game, for anxiety was plainly depicted on their countenances, and the card-playing was evidently only a device of the doctor's to make them forget their cares, if possible, for a little while. At length Kedge threw up his hand.

"I can't go any more of this fool's play," he exclaimed.

"Got a soul above it, eh?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, doc, I have."

"You're like all young men—too full of zeal. What's the use of worrying about anything? Let things right themselves; the more you slave over a trouble the worse it gets. You think and brood and brood and think until you magnify its proportions. The worst thing in the world is to have too much zeal. New brooms, they say, sweep clean. Protect me from new brooms."

"But, my dear doc, you must admit that affairs are getting serious."

"About as bad as they can be," said Rob.

"Precisely so. When things are at their worst they will get better. It's a long lane that has no turning."

"Hang proverbs."

"No; don't hang my proverbs. Go and hang the drunken mutineers up-stairs, if you can," replied the doctor.

A sound of singing arose.

"They're at it. I must go up," said Kedge.

"Well, my dear boy," replied the doctor, "I don't see that you are much use down here, and you'll be just as useful up on deck. The fact is, we are in the hands of Providence, and it does not much matter what we do. *Vive la bagatelle*, as the French say. Rob, reach over that rum. I'll take another glass, so let the bottle pass."

"You're convivial, sir," said Rob.

"I always am. Life's a poor affair at best, and why a man should grieve at going out of it is more than I can imagine."

Meanwhile, Kedge had gone on deck.

The first object he saw was the body of Jack Johnson, who was still lying where he had fallen when Rob hit him over the head with a belaying-pin.

Kedge stopped to rub his hands and circulate his blood, and did not leave off till Johnson had opened his eyes, when he propped him up against what remained of the mainmast, and went on his exploring expedition.

The crew were in various stages of drunkenness. Some were lying in a beastly state of intoxication on the deck, unable to speak or move; others were singing and playing cards, by the light of a lantern, under the shelter of the main sail, which was hanging half in the water, half on board the ship; others again were dancing and embracing one another, and a few were on their knees saying their prayers in one breath and drinking whisky in another.

Kedge turned away disheartened and sickened.

He walked back to the companion and saw Jack Johnson standing near by.

"I'm sorry for what I said to you, cap," he exclaimed. "Can I go below and take a rest? My head feels very woolly, and I'd be obliged to you."

"Certainly," replied Kedge.

Johnson went down-stairs, and at the same moment a tremendous sea swept the ship fore and aft.

Kedge held on to the railings and narrowly escaped destruction.

The ship keeled over, but righted herself again.

When Kedge could get the salt water out of his eyes a melancholy sight presented itself.

The deck was clear.

All the mutineers had been swept into eternity, and not one remained to carouse again.

They had been taken unawares, and had no time to look out for themselves, though in their drunken state it is doubtful whether they would have been able to save themselves if they had the sense and inclination.

Kedge shuddered.

He could not help it, for although the men, strictly speaking, deserved their fate, he had been personally acquainted with all of them, and he felt shocked at their loss.

Jack Johnson had saved himself by going below.

Slowly Kedge descended and joined his friends, finding Johnson sitting in the cabin.

"What are you doing here?" exclaimed Kedge.

"Oh! It's all right, governor," replied Johnson. "I'm as good as you in times like these. What do you want to put on lugs for? This is bully rum, and make no mistake."

He took the bottle and helped himself.

"Here's your jolly good health, governor—boss, I suppose, I ought to call you. It's more American, ain't it? But I ain't going to Americanize myself to please you. If you don't like it you can lump it, and if you don't like to lump it you can do the other thing, and I dare say you've been at sea long enough to know how many beans make five."

Doctor Ames winked at Kedge, to intimate that it was not worth while to take any notice of Johnson, and Kedge sank into a chair.

"Are you sick?" asked the doctor. "You look pale and faint."

"Enough to make me, doc."

"Why?"

"We are the only living beings on board this ship. Just now a wave came and swept all the crew overboard. They were having their spree on deck, and now——"

"Well," said the doctor, "now they've got to set up the per contra account. What's the use howling? Shall I preach a sermon, or give you a dose to quiet your nerves? Charity begins at home. We have to look after ourselves, and as far as this child is concerned, he intends to do it."

"It's all very well to chaff, doctor."

"Didn't Nero fiddle while Rome was burning?"

"Can't say; never read history much."

"Well, he did. Accept it on my authority as an historical fact. If we are wrecked, I mean to float. Look at my life-belt."

The doctor lifted up his vest and exhibited a life-belt, made of cork, which he had securely fastened around his arms.

"If the King of the Cannibal Islands requires a physician to reside in his palace, I'm that man. Salary no object so long as a happy home and constant employment are secured. I can guarantee to cure his majesty of anything, from ringworm to the jim-jams."

"Good enough, doc," said Rob. "Your're one of my sort."

The doctor was about to reply, when the ship shook from stem to stern. She had struck upon a rock.

Her timbers creaked and shivered, the sea rushed over her, and the cabin, which had before been flooded with water, became untenable.

"It's come sooner than I expected," Kedge exclaimed. "We'd best lower a boat and sail for it."

"No, no," said the doctor; "never desert the ship. Stick to her, my lad, as long as she'll swim. You do as you like. Of course, I don't want to dictate to you; but as sure as Moses was found in the bulrushes on the River Nile, I'm going to stick here till I'm swamped out."

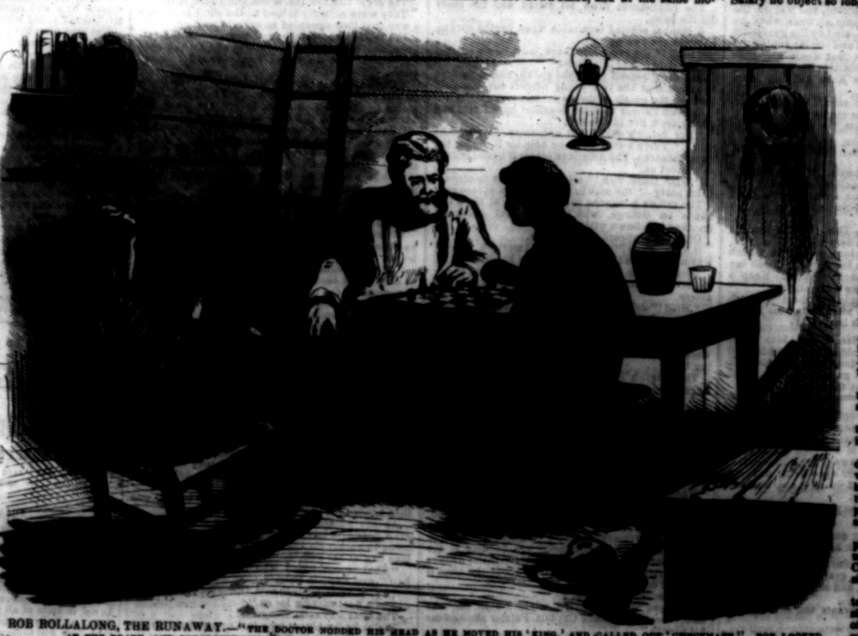
He reached out for the rum-bottle, which Johnson secured just before him.

Johnson sprang upon the table and held the bottle up in triumph.

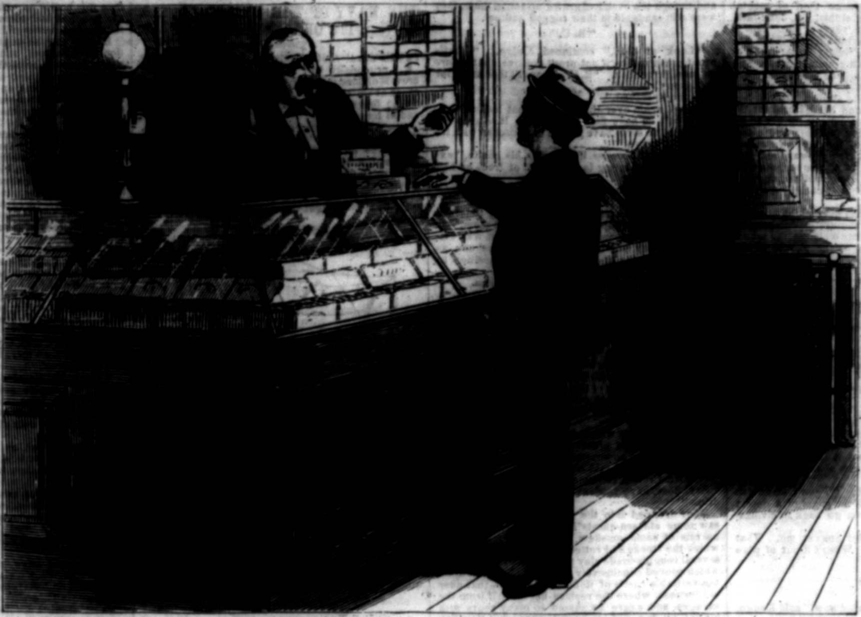
"Say," exclaimed the doctor, "you thundering villain, you've got to go halves with me. This is no time to steal rum. Dare to put that in your pocket, and I'll——"

"Hold on, governor," replied Johnson. "I'll divvy up with you fair and square. Come and take a seat alongside of me."

The doctor got on the table, and they sat side by side drinking the contents of the bottle, and becoming quite affectionate over the spirit.



ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"THE DOCTOR NODDED HIS HEAD AS HE MOVED HIS 'KING,' AND CALLED OUT 'CHECKMATE!' ROB LOOKED AT THE BOARD, AND SCRATCHED HIS HEAD IN A PUZZLED MANNER. 'I GUESS IT'S YOUR GAME,' HE REPLIED."—SEE PAGE 263.



THE JANITOR'S BOY.—"'FROM MRS. BOUNCE,' SAID VANDY. 'GIVE ME A RECEIPT, PLEASE.' 'RECEIPT? WHAT FOR?' 'WHAT FOR? THAT'S A QUESTION. DON'T I WANT ONE?'"—SEE PAGE 266.

Kedge beckoned to Rob, who followed him on deck.

"I hate to see two fellows like those make fools of themselves in a moment of danger," exclaimed Kedge. "Why can't they keep cool?"

"They haven't got the nerve you have," replied Rob.

"But they don't seem to care what becomes of them."

"Danger," said Rob, "acts in a different way upon different people. You and I are calm; they are excited and have lost their heads."

"I guess that is the case, for Doctor Ames is generally as cool as a cucumber and as collected as Stonewall Jackson was in the front of the battle."

"Hold on there—hold on for your life!" cried Rob.

A tremendous wave broke over them and drenched them to the skin. It was fortunate that Rob saw it coming, or they would both have been swept overboard.

As it was, they just had time to hang on to the shrouds of the foremast.

The ship had struck upon a rock—how far from land it was impossible to say in the darkness that prevailed.

But Kedge agreed that there must be land somewhere near, or there could not be rocks.

"See here, Rob," exclaimed Kedge, "I'm going for a hencoop and mean to trust to chance."

"Why not stay here?" said Rob.

"What's the use? The ship must go to pieces if this sea keeps on, and I'll swim for it."

"If you do, so will I."

"Go ahead, then. Here comes another wave."

Kedge seized a hencoop and so did Rob.

When the big wave came it washed them overboard, and they were soon struggling in the water.

For a moment Rob saw Kedge, and whispered a faint "Goob-by, old fellow;" the next moment he was alone in the seething waves, which did not seem inclined to show him any mercy.

He was tossed about like a cork, but driven ever onward, and from this circumstance he argued that the tide was setting in toward some island.

Nor was he mistaken.

Rob was a good swimmer.

He could dive and swim like an otter or a beaver, and with the aid of the hencoop, he kept afloat.

In less than ten minutes he was thrown violently upon a sandy beach.

Feeble and exhausted, he was inclined to lie still, but the roaring sound of the coming waves warned him of his danger, and he crawled up the beach.

When out of the reach of the waves he reclined upon the sand of the shelving beach and watched the breakers coming into the shore, hoping that he might see the form of Kedge.

But in this expectation he was disappointed.

Here he remained for more than an hour, when, fancying he heard the howling of a wild beast, he got up and climbed into a tree, where he sat in the branches till daybreak.

He descended in the gray dawn of the morning, and looked around him.

It was a beautiful day, and the storm of the preceding night was over; the sea was calm, and there was no trace of the tempest.

He gazed upon the sea, whose foam-crested waves were rolling into the shore, but was unable to discover the position of the ship, which showed that he must have been swept a considerable distance on the hencoop before he reached the shore.

Of Kedge he could see nothing.

The island was well covered with trees of various descriptions, there being plenty of palms, bearing cocoanuts, and the tree known as the bread-fruit tree.

By the aid of these he managed to make a breakfast.

On the beach he found several large turtles, and in the sand were quite a number of turtles' eggs, which he sucked.

More than one spring welling up in some hills a distance inland came down to the sea in a purling stream, tumbling merrily over rocks and stones, so that there was no lack of fresh water, which was a great comfort to him.

He felt very thankful that there was no immediate prospect of his dying of starvation.

The climate of the island seemed to be agreeable and temperate; the air was cool and refreshing, and the heat of the sun was by no means unendurable.

But a terrible sense of loneliness overcame him, and he felt a fear of the unknown—for instance, was the island inhabited by cannibals? He did not know. Was any one saved from the wreck besides himself? He could not tell. Were there wild beasts on the island? It was impossible as yet to say.

He wandered along the beach for some distance.

Suddenly he saw a form among some trees, and the figure was evidently trying to avoid him.

Rob sank down behind a rock with the same intention, for he dreaded lest some savage should see and kill him with an arrow.

But after a time his curiosity overcame his prudence, and he got up, determining to have another look.

"A savage is better than nobody," he said to himself. "I hate being alone, so I'll follow him up, if I die for it."

He advanced to the trees, and quickly saw the same figure, which, to his astonishment, did not seek to avoid him as it had appeared to do before.

What was his surprise when he heard his own name called out in familiar tones, and saw that the figure was, in reality, Kedge!

They ran up to one another and shook hands in the most rapturous manner.

"I thought you were a cannibal," said Rob.

"That's just the sort of a rooster I took you to be," answered Kedge, "but I happened to get a good look at you, and here we are, able to congratulate one another on our lucky escape. How did you pass the night?"

"In a tree."

"Just my case. What did you have for breakfast?"

"Bread-fruit, cocoanut, turtles' eggs and spring water."

"So did I. We have both discovered the resources of the island," said Kedge; "but where is the wreck? The current must have carried us a long way to the westward."

"No doubt. Let us go round that point, and perhaps we may see it. I'm anxious to know what has happened to Doctor Ames and Jack Johnson," said Rob.

"Johnson wouldn't be much loss, but the doc's a good fellow."

"First-class!" exclaimed Rob. "I don't care, now I have met you. Society will make even a desert island bearable, and now I come to think of it, there will be plenty of excitement in boat-building, house-making, and a hundred other things. I suppose a ship will take us off some day."

"I hope so," replied Kedge.

Rob's spirits rose again. He was no longer depressed, and looked forward with boyish eagerness to a life on the island.

Ten minutes' walk brought them to the edge of a rocky bluff, and turning round this they beheld the wreck of the ship, which was not more than half a mile distant.

It was wedged in between two rocks, and her decks were high and dry, though if the sea was rough the waves would, of course, wash over her, and in time drive her to pieces.

"There is the ship," cried Kedge, excitedly.

"Yes," said Rob, "and I see two figures on the deck—the doc and Johnson, I'll bet."

"You're right. I cannot see their features at this distance, but I can recognize their forms. The doc is short and stout, while Johnson is long and lanky. That's them, sure enough."

"Well, there are four of us now. Quite a little colony. This is bully."

In their delight at having company they forgot all about the mean and wicked disposition of Johnson.

"Our existence on the island will not be so bad as I expected," replied Kedge, "because the ship will give us all the stores we want."

"How are we to get to her?" asked Rob.

"That's a puzzle. See, the doc has made us out, and is waving a white something as a signal."

"Looks like a tablecloth," replied Rob.

The boys took off their caps and swung their arms about, to indicate that they saw the two survivors of the wreck.

"They are as well off as we," said Kedge. "If we had remained on board we shouldn't have had that terrible swim on a hencoop. By gosh! didn't I get bruised and knocked about when a big wave knocked me ashore!"

"Me, too. My body is sore and stiff all over."

"I guess the boats are stove in, or doc would have launched one."

"Let's make a raft," said Rob; "that is the proper thing to do under the circumstances. Shipwrecked sailors always make rafts."

"It's all very well to talk, my dear fellow," replied Kedge; "but where is the wood to come from, and the ropes to tie the wood together?"

"Cut trees down."

"Without an ax?"

"Oh, bother it; I forgot that," said Rob, rather crest-fallen at the way in which Kedge disposed of his brilliant idea.

"Doc and Johnson might make a raft, because they have all the appliances. I wonder it has not occurred to them to do so."

"Could we swim off?"

"It's a good long swim," said Kedge, thoughtfully.

"The tide's going out, and that would help us."

"I'm afraid there is a current which would wash us away from the ship. See how far we drifted in the night on the hencoop, and if we were carried westward, what should we do?"

"Very true, but suppose we walk a mile further up and make allowance for the current which you suppose exists."

"That's good," said Kedge; "we will do that to-morrow."

"Why not to-day?"

"Because there is no hurry. If either of those two think of building a raft in the meantime, we shall be saved the trouble, and need not run the risk. The weather is pretty well settled since the storm of last night, and we may expect a fair spell for a fortnight or three weeks, during which time we can take all we want out of the ship."

"You're boss. I'll do whatever you say," answered Rob.

"All right," said Kedge, "Now we'll take a walk inland and explore."

"That will suit me to the death," replied Rob, "I'm heavy on exploring. It always troubled me to not be able to know what is in the middle of Africa, where the Nile rises; whether there is a Northwest Passage, and an open sea at the pole. Our geographies are not complete without those things."

"You're a little ahead of me, Rob," said Kedge; "I never had much schooling, and North Poles and South Poles are pretty much the same to me."

"What's an Aurora Borealis?" asked Rob, who was anxious to display his superior knowledge.

"I don't know."

"Is it good to eat?"

"Dare say it is, though I never tasted it, to my knowledge," replied Kedge, innocently.

Rob burst out laughing.

"Oh, ain't you funny!" he cried; "an Aurora is the Northern Lights—sort of thing you see in the Arctic regions."

"Where does it come from, and what is the cause of it?"

"Well, I can't quite say."

"It seems to me, friend Rob, that you don't know much more about the 'roarer than I do, so we'll drop the subject. I can beat you at putting a ship about or boxing a compass, and it's quite enough for a man to thoroughly understand the trade or business by means of which he gets his living."

"But a little general knowledge, Kedge, is also very——"

"Is a 'general' nuisance. You want to be a 'Jack-of-all-trades and master of none.' What is the good of superficial knowledge? Look at a girl who can play a few tunes on the piano—she is afraid to tune the instrument when any girl who can play better than she comes to the house. Better to have taught her to run a sewing-machine. No, my lad, you're wrong. Make up your mind, as soon as you're old enough, what you're going to be. Shoemaker, tailor, soldier, sailor, or candlestick-maker, as the song says, and throw all your energy into that one thing. Be A1 in your own line, and you'll never want bread for yourself, your wife, or your children, as long as God gives you health and strength to work."

"Thank you, Kedge," said Rob.

"What for?"

"That little sermon. It's done me good."

"Happy to hear it, I'm sure. It's free gratis for nothing, and you're welcome to it."

They walked inland in silence for some distance, enchanted with the beauties of the landscape.

There were hills in the distance, and beautiful valleys, through which ran fertilizing streams; and there were woods in which gaudily plumaged birds flew about. Among them were many parrots, and the lovely little humming-bird, and they were all so tame that they did not evince the least fear at seeing the boys.

Rob took up a stone and exclaimed:

"Bet I kill that bird if I fire at him."

He threw the stone as he spoke, and the parrot fell to the ground, stunned. Rob rushed forward eagerly to secure his prize, but the bird speedily recovered from the shock and bit the boy's finger severely. "Oh! the beast!" exclaimed Rob, twisting its neck angrily. "I didn't bargain for that."

"Serves you right," replied Kedge, laughing.

[For continuation, see next page.]

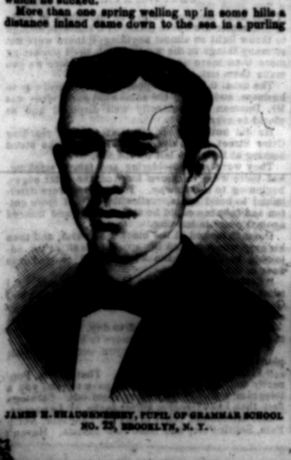
◆

## Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

### JAMES H. SHAUGHNESSEY,

PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 23, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JAMES H. SHAUGHNESSY is an interesting pupil of the first division of the first class of Public School No. 23, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born in New York, January 11th, 1865, making him fourteen years of age. He is the son of Nicholas and Mary Shaughnessey. He studied the primary branches in School No. 4, in Brooklyn, and finally entered the lowest grammar class of No. 23. During the whole time that he has been in the school he has merited the approval of his teachers, and he is given this notice on the highest commendation for both scholarship and deportment, personally declared to us by the Principal of the school. He is manly in his looks and actions. At all times his manners are respectful, and he shows a determination to win the good opinion of all by deserving it. He has a well-balanced mind, and maintains about the same rank in all of the studies. He becomes very much interested in each study, and his attentiveness in the class is a great source of satisfaction to those who instruct him. Take him all in all, he is a very promising scholar, who reflects credit on his school. He is already beginning to look beyond to the wider life before him, and he is improving every present hour with the view to make himself of some influence hereafter.

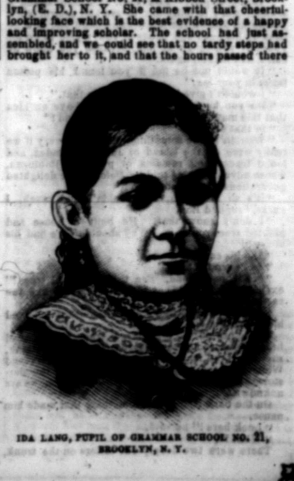


JAMES H. SHAUGHNESSEY, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 23, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

### IDA LANG,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 21, BROOKLYN, (E. D.), N. Y.

ADA LANG is a very bright and interesting girl who was presented to us on our recent visit to Grammar School No. 21, M'Kibben Street, Brooklyn, (E. D.), N. Y. She came with that cheerful-looking face which is the best evidence of a happy and improving scholar. The school had just assembled, and we could see that no tardy steps had brought her to it, and that the hours passed there



IDA LANG, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 21, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

were those not less of pleasure than of mental effort. She was born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 24th, 1867, and is therefore twelve years of age. She is the daughter of Isaac and Barbara Lang. When five years old she entered the Primary Department of No. 21, and is now in the sixth grammar grade. She has studied satisfactorily in all the studies, and her per centage is growing greater at every examination, though, of course, the studies are harder. She is ambitious to learn, and her natural intelligence is so quick that it is not difficult for her to do it. Her associations with her teachers and classmates are always agreeable, for her own disposition is entirely amiable and kindly toward all. Her inteligence is thus marked in a comparison with others of her own age and opportunities, and her other personal qualities are equally conspicuous and admirable.

Grammar School No. 21 has over eight hundred pupils on register. Under the systematic and intelligent care of Miss Kate E. McWilliams, the school is regarded with much favor by the people of the district in which it is located.

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## ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.

(Continued from preceding page.)

"Why?" asked Rob.

"I go on this principle; never take away a life you cannot give back, unless it is absolutely necessary. Of course, if you want birds or beasts to eat, kill them, but to stone that parrot was nothing but wanton mischief."

"Oh, give us a rest," said Rob.

"Am I not right? Think how recently our lives have been spared by a miracle almost, when all our companions went down. We ought to be the last to take the life of the meanest of God's creatures. I feel like stepping aside if I saw a worm in front of me."

"Hire a hall," replied Rob. "I can't stand too much sermonizing. If this is the effect of a desert island on you, the sooner you go back to civilization the better."

"How am I to do it? But answer me. What did you kill that parrot for? Wasn't it out of pure cussedness?"

"Yes, it was."

"Was it right or wrong?"

"Wrong, I suppose."

"That's enough. I'm satisfied now," said Kedge, with a smile.

On the hills they noticed a quantity of goats grazing, and these hardy creatures jumped from crag to crag with the agility of chamois.

This was another supply of food for our castaways.

"Look at the goats!" exclaimed Rob. "You might fancy yourself in Harlem. I never ate a goat, but I dare say it's good enough. Why shouldn't it be? Goats feed very much like sheep, and I shouldn't wonder if they made superior mutton."

"Folks say it's lucky to have a goat about the house," remarked Kedge.

"My mother had one," replied Rob, "and it was the biggest nuisance we ever had. The boys in our block used to sick on their dogs at it, and the beast eat up the grape-vines, and played old Harry with the neighbors' gardens, till we had to pay a sight of money for it, and it butted me in the stomach three times and once in the back, and the police were always pounding the brute, three dollars each time to get it out; so at last, luck or no luck, I traded him off with another boy for a pair of skates, and I believe I saved my family from ruin, and myself from an early grave by doing it."

"I'm superstitious about luck," said Kedge.

"Are you?"

"Yes, indeed. I had my doubts about our getting into port with the *J. B. Astor*."

"Why?"

"We had no cat on board, and I never knew a ship have luck unless there was a cat on board of her."

Rob laughed.

"Oh, you may laugh," said Kedge, "but you can bet there are some things which seem absurd and yet are not capable of being explained. You do so and so and you are right. You don't do so and so and you are wrong. The effect is before you, but you have to guess at the cause or the why and the wherefor."

Rob made no answer.

His friend Kedge, without knowing it, was verging on metaphysics and getting a little too deep for him.

Kedge sat down under a spreading tree, which afforded a grateful shade, all the more delightful as the sun was getting toward its meridian, and the boys were perspiring freely.

"No monkeys here?" remarked Rob, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand.

"No," replied Kedge. "Neither do I see any musquitoes, and I have heard that these islands have no snakes."

"That's a pity," said Rob. "I like killing a snake. Ain't it bully fun to see him squirm when you've hit him on the tail with a stick? and how he rises up his head and hisses at you, trying to go for you, but you laugh at him, because you know he can't, and hit him again."

"It would not be fun if you found his poison fangs in your leg."

"I wouldn't give him any show for that."

"Do you know," said Kedge, "I have an idea that this may be Robinson Crusoe's island?"

"Is that so?"

"Wouldn't it be something like a discovery if we really were on the island of Juan Fernandez, and found traces and remains of poor old Robinson, whose adventures, as told by Defoe, have delighted generations of boys and men?"

"It's so long ago, we shouldn't find much, I guess," replied Rob.

"I don't know that. He built a house and planted trees round it. Why shouldn't we find his house?"

"And his cave."

"And even his boat."

"We'll look round. See that clump of trees?" exclaimed Rob. "That looks to me just like the castle. I'll go and see. Come along."

Kedge smiled at Rob's enthusiasm, but followed him, nevertheless.

They passed a very large tree, whose aged branches were here and there scathed by lightning, showing that it had braved many Summers and Winters of the tropics, where rains and thunderstorms are frequent, but where frosts and snows are unknown.

On the bark Kedge saw something that made him pause.

"Look here!" he said.

"What?"

There were two deeply-cut letters on the trunk, and though the bark had grown up round them, they were still readable in their rugged outline:

"R. C."

"Look at that," continued Kedge. "That's proof presumptive, if not proof positive, that we *are* on Juan Fernandez. 'R. C.'—Doesn't that stand for Robinson Crusoe?"

"It does, indeed."

"Look again over there. Isn't that Indian corn, and didn't he have fields of maize? It is growing wild, and the birds have played the mischief with it; but still it's corn."

"I shouldn't wonder if that was his castle," exclaimed Rob, pointing to the clump of trees he had first indicated.

Kedge was full of excitement now, and his feeling was shared by Rob.

The trees in the clump grew so thickly together that they found it impossible to penetrate them.

There was no opening anywhere, but it was evident that they had been planted by some one, as there was a trace of design about their position to each other.

They had been arranged in a circular form.

"No thoroughfare," said Kedge.

"Let's climb up and get through the branches," said Rob.

"Good enough; go ahead."

Rob was up first, but he was closely followed by his friend, and they clambered through the thick interlacing branches for some distance.

At last they met with their reward.

In the very centre of the clump was a house.

That is to say, what remained of a house, as the roof had fallen in and trees were growing in the middle of it.

But the timbers which formed the walls were in a tolerable state of preservation; and it had been divided into two compartments.

"Down you go," said Kedge.

"Is Mr. Crusoe at home?" cried Rob, jocularly. "Say, boss, have you got anything good to eat and drink?"

They dropped into the middle of the house, and saw some old sea-chests in a state of decay; the barrels of some muskets, of ancient make, from which the stocks had rotted away; knives; an ax; several roughly-made clay pitchers, and other relics, which proved conclusively that they had come upon the veritable castle of Robinson Crusoe—that dear old fortress, where the recluse hid himself from the savages, and where he passed so many years with his cat, his dog, and his parrot, until his "Man Friday," came to make his house tidy, and relieve the solitude of his unparalleled existence.

"Well, if this don't beat all!" exclaimed Kedge. "Here's where the old boy lived, and where we will live, too. An ax will soon cut its way through the timber, and we'll clear out the house."

"And put a roof on," said Rob.

"Yes, a regular Mansard, and no shinannigan about it. We'll get timber from the ship, and bedding, and put all our stores here—powder and shot and things to eat. I tell you, boyee, it's grand."

"Won't it be snug and cozy of evenings?"

"I guess it will be all that."

After routing about for more than an hour, and making fresh "finds" of various quaint old articles, among which were some Spanish gold doubloons, they retraced their steps.

Near the castle there was a hill.

Up this they climbed.

"This was his lookout-mountain," observed Kedge. "The old fellow's head was level. It has a splendid view of the sea."

"Hasn't it?" replied Rob, adding, "By George! there are the doc and Johnson on a raft."

"You've quick eyes, young one," answered Kedge. "What did I tell you? Didn't I say they'd tumble to a raft?"

"Yes, you did."

"Let's go and meet them."

[To be continued.]

"Rob Rollalong" was commenced in No. 673.

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## DO IT.

WHEN you *must* do a thing that's obliged to be done,
And hate to be forced into doing it—
When, if it were possible, off you would run
From the course, to escape the pursuing it!
Don't think!—for the harder you struggle with thought
More difficult 'twill be to rout it,
Go at it at once! 'tis what ev'ry man ought—
And do it, and don't think about it!

'Tis quite immaterial what is the form
Of fate that your life is assailing—
Dash up to it bravely and take it by storm,
Or your efforts will prove unavailing!
You dread—say—a dip through a hole in the ice,
Or making an offer!—don't doubt it
Will all come out right, if you take this advice
And do it, and don't think about it!

## A FIGHT FOR LIFE WITH A GRIZZLY.

ONE afternoon a man named Williams came into San José, Cal., for a doctor, stating that his companion, Walter F. King, had been badly injured by a grizzly bear, in a contest that morning, in a cañon known as Skunk's Hollow, about thirty-five miles southeast of San José. The men were hunting for deer. King got a bear-track, on Tuesday, and went out early the next morning. As he did not return in time, his companion went out to search for him, and found him unconscious, but still alive, with his skull fractured and his left side torn. A grizzly lay dead about six yards away. King was restored to consciousness and carried back to camp, and assistance given by a couple of men who were camping a few miles distant. King says he followed the bear's tracks to a sort of cave in the hillside, heavily bordered with chaparral, and, supposing the animal was inside, was on the watch, when a rustling of the brush caused him to turn, and he then discovered Bruin only forty feet away. He raised his rifle and fired, and the bear came for him. He shot three times, dropped his gun, and pulled his hunting-knife just as the brute reached him, but, almost before he could use the knife, the bear closed on him. He cut frantically, but was struck on the head with the animal's paw, and remembered no more until carried back to camp.

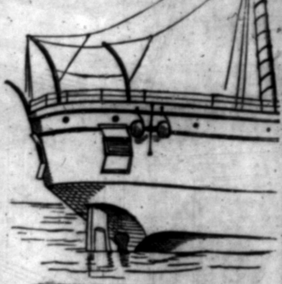
"Do you ever have any hops in Kent?" asked a London belle, who was dressing for a ball, of a country cousin from the "Garden of England." "Oh, yes, lots! Pa has forty acres of 'em in one field."

## THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES. ITS ORGANIZATION.

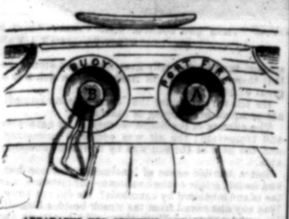
(Continued.)

THE naval routine referred to thus far relates principally to "port" duties. At sea the crew is divided into two watches, which relieve each other at stated times. For instance, at eight A.M.; noon; four P.M.; six P.M.; eight P.M.; at midnight, and at four A.M.

One watch is always on deck ready to manœuvre, that is, to "reduce" or "make sail," "trim yards," and to be on the alert in the event of accidents. Besides the "lookout stations" already mentioned, men are stationed, when under sail, at the halyards, mainsheet, and at the studding-sail gear when those sails are set. Men are also stationed at the "life buoys" to light them at night, and to "trip" them clear of the vessel. This is done by two triggers, which are tallied "Light" and "Leg go." One trigger lights the port-fire of the buoy, the other detaches it from the ship's quarters.

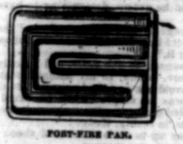


POSITION OF PORT-FIRE ON VESSELS.



APPARATUS FOR IGNITING AND DETACHING PORT-FIRE.

At the alarm "Man overboard!" the life-buoy fires are lit, and the buoy let go. The lights indicate its whereabouts. The ship, or vessel, is brought to the wind and hove to, the boat manned and lowered. If a steamer, the engines are stopped.



PORT-FIRE PAN.

During the day, from daylight till sunset, there is a lookout on the fore-topsail yard to report vessels discovered, shoals, discolored water, wrecks, or any unusual appearance of the sea surface. If a sail is seen, the lookout announces it to the officers of the deck by the exclamation: "Sail, ho!" The officer replies: "Where away! Can you make her out?" The lookout gives the direction by number of points off the bows, forward or abaft the beam, off the quarter, ahead or astern. He indicates the side of the vessel by the words, "Starboard!" or "Port!"

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## THE JANITOR'S BOY.

### A STORY OF NEW YORK.

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

### CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN that ferryboat started for the shore, after seeing her lost passenger so opportunely picked up, those who were left on board were more than a little curious to learn what manner of man he might have been.

There were several who had seen him, or said they had, after the boat left her slip on the New York side, but they scarcely agreed as to his personal appearance.

If all their descriptions were to be accepted, the unfortunate Mr. Vance must have been a very tall, thin, fat, short, dark, light-complexioned, clean-shaven, heavy-bearded man, very well dressed, but a little ragged, and carrying a cane, an umbrella, a satchel, an overcoat, a paper parcel, a tin-pail and a jug. He must have looked like a sailor, a laborer, a merchant, a tramp, a sort of an army officer, and a woman in man's clothing.

At all events, he was in no danger of being identified, and the one man on board who could have told all about him was a little inclined to be glad of that.

"I wonder whether he was so very tight, after all," said Mr. Madderley to himself, as he strained his eyes after the rowboat which contained his partner in business and misfortune. "He scarcely seemed to be, when we left the office. We drank after that. At least, he did. He's no good reason to blame me. Can he suspect? I think not. Well, I'm glad he's safe, anyhow."

And yet Mr. Madderley must have been terribly shocked by the danger Vance had been in, for when he looked into the cabin mirror, as he passed it, his face was nearly as white as his shirt-collar. Maybe the gaslight had something to do with it, or their failure, but however it was, Madderley was pale.

He was not one of the men who had any description to volunteer, and when the boat struck the shore, he was one of the very first to jump off and hurry away.

It may have been an open question as to which of those two brokers was in the most extraordinary hurry to get home that night—the wet one or the dry.

While they were getting away from the water as fast as they could, however, old Mother Bounce was still attending to the matter of business which had called her out again, after so very active a day. She had not been compelled to take a very long walk. A few streets to cross, in a good deal of a zigzag, as if she knew very well which squares were the shortest and did not mean to waste her steps, and she paused in front of a small but very decent-looking tobacco-shop.

The only sign over the door told of "Havana Cigars," and not of the proprietor's name, and the wooden Indian on the doorstep was as silent and as grim as Indians of his peculiar tribe are apt to be.

A grizzled old man, with a Spanish cast of countenance, stood behind the handsome glass showcase, and there were no customers in at the moment.

Mrs. Bounce took a good look, as if to make sure of this, and then marched in and put down her parcel, remarking:

"There, Mr. Garcia. Two boxes more, and I'll be bound they're good wans. There's more to come."

"You are de lady for dis business, Mrs. Bounce. But I shall need dem all. Ve sell a goot many right along."

Just enough of an accent to mark him for a foreigner, but with a more respectful demeanor toward Mrs. Bounce than some would have expected.

"I'll send them around. What I kem for now was to look at the sales-buk. Out wid it."

Very submissively, and as a matter of course, Mr. Garcia produced a neatly-kept record, over which Mrs. Bounce cast a keenly scrutinizing pair of eyes.

What could have gotten into the old apple-woman? or into Mr. Garcia?

"That'll do foinely for these hard times. But it's the chape cigars that costs me the most money. Sure an' it takes a dale to kape up the stock."

"It does, indeed, madam."

"I must have me pardner come and look it over before long, Mr. Garcia."

"So? I shall be glad. But I did not know he vas. Is he a man or some oder lady?"

"Niver mind, Mr. Garcia; I'll send the rest around in a day or two."

"I shall be glad. Good-evening, madam."

Very polite he was, almost as if he stood somewhat in awe of the grim face and rasping voice of the old apple-woman, but the moment she was once more out of hearing, he said, aloud, as he leaned forward over the showcase:

"Very remarkable voman. I know not'ing. I see not'ing. But dere vas danger, I t'ink. Some day she go too far."

Could it be that Mr. Garcia was a mere employé of old Mrs. Bounce, and that the cigar divan, with its elegant fixtures and valuable stock, was only a branch of the peanut-stand?

The world has a great many strange things in it, and there have been stranger than that among them.

As for the singular old woman herself, she had her own muttering to do, as usual.

"It looks all right, but it isn't aisy to tell. Mebbe he'll be goin' back on me loike Vance & Madderley. All Spaniards is born thieves. I've heard tell o' that. He's as honest a man as there is. They do say they're honester in 'baccy than they are in anythin' else. Sorra wan o' me knows, but I'm a poor, lone woman, and I've lost a heap o' money in me day; more's the pity. Dade an' I must mek some. What wud Vandy MacNamara say to the cigar divan? Oh, me!"

She seemed to have more than a little pity for herself, and it was indeed a late hour for a woman of her age to be attending to business, especially as her table had been mended that afternoon, and she had promised Vandy it should be all a-going again in the morning.

It was a little curious that it had never occurred to Vandy how many "off days" there had been in the past, when Mother Bounce and her stand had not made their appearance at all; and that in good weather, too.

Perhaps he had never noticed the fact. Perhaps he had forgotten it.

At all events, she went to bed that night, late as it was when she did so, with a full determination to be "on hand," or, rather, "on the corner," in the morning, and Vandy was just as fully determined to give her an early call, and take a look at his new venture.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next morning came, as mornings in early Summer are apt to come, with sunshine enough to throw light on almost anything, if there were not so many things in the world which need something more than mere sunshine on them before we can make them out.

The usual tide of men poured down Broadway to business, and among the somewhat early birds was Mr. Dunman, as perfectly well disposed and as placid as ever.

He did not enter his office at once on reaching Otter Street, but walked on a little, till he stood looking at the ruins left by the fire.

They were still smoldering and faintly smoking, but there were workmen busy on the outer edges, beginning to clear away. The owners were determined to build again, forthwith, so that more cotton and tobacco could be stored away and insured against possible burning.

Dunman looked at the blackened mass, and then his eyes wandered up the scorched wall of the adjoining building to the warped and twisted iron door in the third story.

"Better have it built up at once," he said. "I must see to that. Ah, Mr. Ponnerby, is that you? Good-morning. Scarcely expected to see you so early."

"Early, eh? Well, I'm off to-day. Just came in to see if there was anything more to be said."

"Nothing at all. Have you completed your plans?"

"Plans, eh? I should say so. That is, Mrs. Ponnerby and the girls have. I'll have to send you a telegram a day if they carry them out. Saratoga first, then Lake George, Adirondacks, St. Lawrence, White Mountains, coast of Maine, Labrador, North Pole, South Pole, and Sandwich Islands. Haven't heard them speak of China and Japan, but if six weeks 'il do it they'll see 'em all."

And the grim old gentleman chuckled merrily over his own pleasantry, as he had a perfect right to do.

"In for a good time, I should say. Hope they won't be disappointed."

"I'll just run into the office and look at the mail."

"I'll go with you. Our new boy seems to take hold well."

"So he does. Well, you won't be overworked with business, as it is now, boy or no boy."

"I could do it alone, all but the errands."

"So can I, when my turn comes."

And the two merchants turned away from their last "operation," or rather the one the fire had made for them, and went into their own office to find Phil Hawkins and Sile Morgan already busy with their morning duties.

Phil, to do him justice, was an unusually bright and well-trained boy and quite capable of teaching Sile a great many things, while Mr. Dunman had insisted upon the newcomer at once beginning to acquire some knowledge of the books.

"You are young," he said to Sile, "but if you hadn't sense enough for that we should have to trade you off for somebody that had."

That is the iron rule of all business. Stupid, or lazy fellows, or with bad habits of any sort, have to drop out and give their places to the intelligent, the hardworking and the moral.

There is no use in dodging such a law as that, although some young fools think they can. It works as surely as a steam-engine.

But Sile was determined that nothing should be lacking on his part, and Phil Hawkins had already earned the confidence with which he was treated by his employers.

Neither of them had any idea, however, how very nearly Vandy MacNamara came to envying them both. The things they were learning were the very things he was himself so anxious to learn, and he really had picked up a great deal more than he or anybody else was aware of.

That morning, indeed, for the first time in his life, he stepped out on the sidewalk with a sort of feeling that he had made a beginning in business. He did not think deeply enough to see that his real beginning had been made when he began to save up money and study how it could be used.

He had helped his mother, as usual, with her seven younger difficulties, and, as there seemed to be nothing else calling for him just then, not even Mr. Dunman, he walked away down the street toward the corner, where he expected to find the apple-stand of Mother Bounce & MacNamara.

The senior member of the new firm was there, sitting behind her array of eatable goods, with her morning pipe in her mouth, and not a sign on her face that she had met with business disasters of any kind.

"Good-mornin' to ye, Vandy MacNamara. D'ye see the foine show I'm makin' the day?"

"Everything looks prime," said Vandy, as he cast a careful eye over the stock-in-trade. "But what'll you do with so many cocoanuts?"

"It's chape they are. Sure and I've sold tin of them already. Thrade's good the day."

"It's a fine day," said Vandy.

"'Dade an' it is; but the day isn't everythin', more's the pity."

"What's the trouble, then?"

"It's min that won't mind their business."

"Won't they? How's that?"

"Sure an' it's the fourth man, the mornin', that bought an apple or a dime's worth of paynuts, and that axed me was it a good day for sthocks."

"Oh, they know of your bad luck with Vance & Madderley."

"They do, thin. Wan av thim wanted to buy paynuts on a tin per cint. margin, and another said apples was cornered or they wudn't be so high."

"Never mind them, Mrs. Bounce."

"I don't, thin, but it's ivery man of thim'll come to grief, sooner or later, as bad as mesilf. Can ye do me a favor, Vandy?"

"I guess so. What is it?"

"There's two boxes of cigars in aich of thim packs. Wud ye mind takin' thim for me to Mr. Garcia?"

"Where is he?"

She gave him the directions carefully, and Vandy set out at once, although it occurred to him that it was no part of his bargain that he should run Mrs. Bounce's errands.

She herself was thinking the same thing, for she looked after him with:

"Good for you, Vandy MacNamara. Ye niver objected a worrud. It's the foine errand you're a-doin' for yersilf, and ye thought it was for the ould woman."

It was not a long trip for a pair of legs like Vandy's, and he put down his packages on Mr. Garcia's counter, saying:

"From Mrs. Bounce. Give me a receipt, please."

"Receipt? Vat for?"

"What for? That's a question! Don't I want one?"

"You wants not'ing of de kind."

"Yes, but I do, then."

And Vandy insisted so firmly that the grumbling Spaniard wrote him out one in due form, and he hurried away with it.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Bounce, when he handed it to her.

"What is it? How'd you know that Garcia had the cigars? S'pose he denied it, unless you had that to show?"

"I could prove it by you."

"Could you, then? How do I know what was in them boxes? I didn't open them."

"Sure an' I niver thought of that. Can ye write, Vandy, and can ye cipher?"

"Of course I can."

"And can ye kape buks, like wan of thim writer tellers?"

"I've studied bookkeeping at the evening school."

"Thin ye're the b'ye for me. I'll have a job for ye before long. It's bein' plundhered I am for want of it. Mebbe it's the resates I want, too. Good luck till yez for sp'akin' of it."

"I'm ready," said Vandy, for a vague notion was growing in his mind concerning the nature and extent of Mrs. Bounce's business.

"And, Vandy!"

"What is it, now?"

"How much money cud ye put in on a sure thing?"

"Dead sure and safe?"

"Safe as the bank."

"Would two hundred do?"

"Three'd be better."

"Guess I could do it, then. But I'd want to know what it was."

"What for, thin? Cudn't ye let me manage it for ye? Sure I'd put me own money in wid yours. A b'ye that's got all that money to the fore ought to have some sinse wid it."

"I'd have to borrow a hundred."

"Wud ye, indade? Thin ye won't. Ye'd have to tell the man ye borrid of. No, Vandy, ave ye borry of any one ye'll borry of me."

"Borrow of you? Why, haven't you lost your money?"

"'Dade an' I have. That was a slip o' the tongue, Vandy. I'm a poor, lone woman. Wull ye come and see me the day, afther I put away my sthand?"

"What time's that?"

"Wull, to-day, it'll be by four o'clock."

"I'm busy then."

"Soon as ye can, then, afther. Come to the corner an' ye won't have long to wait. It's for your own good I want ye. Mebbe it'll be for mine, too. Who knows?"

Vandy did not, for one, and he promised to come, with a still deeper feeling of curiosity concerning Mother Bounce.

And she, on her part, looked after him as he walked away with a kinder expression on her face than anybody but Clip was in the habit of seeing there.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THERE was one office, down-town, that morning, into which very little sunshine seemed to find its way.

That is, no amount of daylight could make things look pleasant at Vance & Madderley's.

The clerks and bookkeepers were gloomy over the fact that their salaries were about to stop, and so were the messenger-boys.

The creditors who now and then came to make an inquiry did not do so with any great amount of cordiality.

But, perhaps, the gloomiest faces of all were those of the two brokers themselves when they first came together.

That of Vance had a curious sort of look in it as he said:

"Good-morning, Mr. Madderley. How do you find yourself?"

They were alone in their private room, and Madderley tried to smile as he responded:

"Haven't lost myself, Mr. Vance. I must congratulate you on your escape. Well for you there was a boat handy."

"Boat? How's that? What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why, what do you mean yourself? You can't say you know nothing about it?" exclaimed the bewildered Madderley.

If Vance had meant to throw his partner off his guard, he had succeeded, and he saw it.

"Know nothing? That's it. I don't know anything out of the common. Do you?"

"Can't say I do, unless it's an everyday thing for a man to get tipsy and tumble from the stern of a ferryboat, and be picked up by a wherry."

"Did I do all that? Well, now, that's queer, Madderley. Do you mean to say you saw it?"

"Vance, what's got into you? Of course you don't want to have it made public. Look like an attempt at suicide. But what do you mean?"

"I see, I see! Well, I'd like to ask a question. Seems to me there was a man standing by me and talking on the stern of that ferryboat when she rose on the swell so suddenly. Did you see that man?"

Madderley's face began to turn gray as he tried to look his partner in the eye, but the latter went on.

"I remember that man, Mr. Madderley. Can you tell me why, when he put out his hand, as I stumbled, and his hand touched me, it remained open? Seems to me it ought to have closed and held me, instead of letting me go over."

"Mr. Vance, what do you mean? Am I to be held responsible for your tipsy folly? I came pretty near going in myself."

"You did, did you? That would have been too good a joke. Well, it's best for you, Mr. Madderley, to do as I do, and not remember anything about that little affair of the ferryboat. Then it may be easier for both of us to forget some other things. I've never done anything, to your knowledge, that should make me willing to have you drown yourself."

"Mr. Vance!"

"All right, my boy; I'm safe. Only I think I won't travel with you again, very soon."

Madderley once more tried to look his partner in the face, but he failed, and turned away toward the front office.

Quick as thought, the moment Madderley closed the door behind him Vance stepped to a safe which stood near, and which had been opened just before he came in. He had not seen it open, but he seemed to be looking for something.

"That must be it," he hoarsely whispered, as he seized a large envelope, thickly packed and sealed, but which bore no address.

"That wasn't there before. He did it, but he shall not get the benefit of it. It's one of our own envelopes. Here!"

He seized another, precisely like the one he had so quickly stowed away in his breast-pocket, rapidly crammed it with sheets of blank paper, folded to fit, sealed it and put it down in the safe, on the spot from which he had removed the other.

It was lightning work, and he must have had his mind made up about it beforehand, for it seemed as if no time at all had elapsed before he was out in the main room examining the doings of his subordinates. Then, in a few minutes, he passed out into the street, muttering, so low that no one heard him:

"What shall I do with it? I can swear I don't know what's in it. It wouldn't do to have it found in my possession."

Scarcely had he gone before Mr. Madderley stepped back and himself took a look at that safe.

"There it is," he said, as he took the large envelope nervously up. "He doesn't know so much as I thought he did. He suspects, though, and I'll have to move quickly. I needn't open that till I reach Havana. Easy enough to sell them there, for nobody knows their numbers."

He shut the safe and locked it before he went out.

It was a safe that locked with a curiously complicated key, and he put the key in his pocket.

"Vance doesn't know I've got his as well as my own. Let me see. Steamer leaves at two o'clock. I'm all ready, but I'd rather have had one more day and left for Europe. Just as well."

It was a strange piece of business all around, and Madderley's white face gradually flushed to an excited and feverish red as he pretended to attend to the rest of his morning's work. Even when Vance returned, as he very soon did, few words passed between him and his partner, but men noticed that Vance seemed a good deal the more cool and collected of the two.

But the latter had not been idle during his brief absence.

He had managed to throw a load off from his mind, after a fashion. At the next corner he stopped suddenly short as he met a very brisk-looking boy coming the other way.

Vandy MacNamara's head was full of Mother Bounce and her apple-stand and her other business, but he recognized the man he had helped save from the East River.

"Hope you're all right this morning, sir."

"All right. You've not told anybody?"

"Not a breath. The other boys are safe as so many posts."

"I know you. You used to come with errands from Dunman, Ponnerby & Co."

"I'm the very man."

"You can keep a secret?"

"Guess I can."

"If I gave you a package to keep until called for, could you keep it safely?"

"Safe as Trinity Church."

"Keep that, then, and don't let a soul know where it came from."

"What's in it?"

"Why, don't you know?"

"How should I?"

"Well, no more do I. I pledge you my word and honor I never saw the inside of it. Nobody ever hinted to me what's in it. So I can't tell you. But I want it out of my hands. You keep it carefully till I ask you for it. If you can put it in a safe, do so. I know where to find you. Your name is —"

"Vandy MacNamara, and I live next door to Ponnerby's."

"I know you. I can trust you. Your face 'll be your fortune yet."

"It's a handsome one," said Vandy, with a grin that showed just what he thought of his own beauty; but Vance remarked, very seriously:

"So it is, one way. It looks as if it wouldn't lie or steal."

"No more it will, sir."

"Look out for it, then. Don't let that get away from you."

"It won't, sir."

And the very remarkable bit of mutual confidence was arranged, and Vandy set out for home in a more excited state of mind than ever. As for Vance, he walked back to his own office.

There was less to wonder at than one might think in what he had done, but nobody could have complimented him on the honesty of it, in spite of the fact that he had no more than guessed at the contents of the mysterious envelope.

"Wonder what luck's coming to me now," said Vandy, as he put his hand on the pocket that contained his sudden deposit. "All for my beauty. Well, I never expected that. Was it my good looks that old Mother Bounce was hinting at? I guess not."

And he laughed merrily enough over it until the question came to him:

"What should he do with it?"

He had no safe of his own, and there was no corner of his upper-story home that would be safe from the inspection of his mother and the seven little MacNamaras.

"Dunman's got a safe. I'll ask him. That would be doing as Vance told me. He won't ask me any questions. I'll do it up in another paper first."

That was easily done, and Vandy did it quite neatly, too, fastening the whole with a stout piece of string, so that the dangerous envelope, if there were really any danger in it, was thoroughly disguised.

That done, and Vandy was ready and a little anxious to hear a summons from Mr. Dunman. Nor was it long before one came.

Vandy answered the well-known whistle, and listened attentively to the directions given him.

"Sharp, now, Vandy!"

"I will, sir. But please will you lock this up for me in your safe? There's papers in it. I won't bother you with it for long."

"Safe keeping, eh? Certainly. I owe you as much as that, and one good turn deserves another."

That was enough, and Vandy's heart was lighter as he hurried away.

## CHAPTER XX.

IT is probable that Mr. Dunman's head was too much occupied with other business to dwell specially on Vandy MacNamara's simple-looking package. At all events, when he returned to his office he merely stuck it on the front shelf of the big safe, which was standing open, and thought no more about it. Of course, it would never occur to him that it could be of any unusual value or importance.

Phil and Sile were occupied the rest of that day with their accustomed duties, including those to which Sile was trying so hard to become "accustomed," and they did not happen to fall in with Vandy MacNamara. Neither did Mr. Vance, and it was agreed between them that if they should either of them do so there should be no sign of recognition.

"He knows who we are," said Phil. "Let him speak first."

"Likely as not he won't care to," suggested Sile.

"That's none of our business. He's trouble enough on his hands about these days."

"Not to speak of his ducking."

"That wasn't much. Wonder if the paper's 'll get it?"

"Don't see how they can."

"They'll have something, you see if they don't."

So they did, but not until the next morning, and then it was a mere mention of the fact that an unknown passenger had gone overboard for some unknown reason, and been picked up by an unknown boat. It was as indefinite as a coroner's jury verdict on a big accident, and that is saying a good deal.

That afternoon, however, when Phil Hawkins came to put the books in the safe, and arrange it for locking up, he saw a paper parcel, which seemed to him to be "out of place."

"Can't belong here," he said, as he untied the string.

Vandy MacNamara had not thought of any one doing that, and the next instant Phil read the name of Vance & Madderley, printed, as usual with such houses, on the corner of the inner envelope.

He did not understand it, but Phil Hawkins, as has been said, was a pretty well-trained office-boy, and he merely carried the thing over to Mr. Dunman, inquiring:

"Does this belong in the big safe?"

Dunman glanced at it without the quiver of an eyelash.

"Certainly not. In mine. I will put it away now before I forget."

To Phil's mind there was nothing in the slightest degree remarkable in such a matter, even when Dunman added:

"Was there not another wrapper around it? Do it up again."

Perhaps Vandy would have thought very little of it. Indeed, he was thinking of something else at that moment. He had managed to arrange with his father that the latter should forget his rheumatism better than usual for the rest of that day, and had gone to keep his appointment with Mother Bounce.

Sure enough, the stand had been removed, although it was yet early enough for a prospect of further business, and Vandy's wrinkled old partner stood on the corner as he came up, exchanging a word with a strongly-built man in the dress of a sailor.

The latter was just going away, but Vandy managed to get a good look at him.

He had seen that man before, and almost his first words to Mrs. Bounce were:

"Do you know that fellow?"

"Mebbe I do, and mebbe I don't. Do ye know him yersilf?"

"I believe he's a river-thief."

"Ye're wrong, thin. He's as honest a man as any. Ask McGuire, the boatman, av he knows his own Cousin Dinis."

"Oh, he's a cousin of McGuire's. I know him, I guess. But I saw Denis, if that's his name, on the river last night."

"Why not, thin? Isn't it his thrade to be on the wather? Where else wud he be? Ye was there yerself, was ye? How do I know but what ye was thavin', if that's what it manes."

There was an unnecessary degree of energy in the manner of the old woman, and Vandy saw it, but he turned the conversation with:

"Maybe I was, then. Don't I look like it? But what for was I to come and see you?"

"It's right up-stairs. I want ye to come and see me granddaughter. Sure an' it's too long a time that she hasn't luked on a younger face than mine."

"Why not, then? Is she sick?"

"She is and she isn't. Come along and I'll tell ye."

And all the way up the narrow stairway Mrs. Bounce's tongue worked rapidly, but not so loudly, giving Vandy as much information as she saw fit about Clip and her history, but especially about the terrible "operashin" that was to be performed on the morrow.

Under other circumstances Vandy's bashfulness might have come to make him uncomfortable, but the idea of surgery and suffering kept it down.

Still, it was with a queer feeling at his heart that Vandy walked into the room, in the midst of a perfect salute of music from the mocking bird.

His first thought was:

"No wonder she pays a good rent for a room like this. Somebody else to support, too. I never heard of that."

But his next was—and he came very near uttering it aloud:

"What a pretty girl!"

So she was, and her bright eyes lighted up very pleasantly as she looked in Vandy's face, while her grandmother said:

"This is Vandy MacNamara, and a foine b'ye he is, and he's a friend of mine. Vandy, this is Clip, and a swater craychure don't brathe the brith o' life."

"Now, grandma!"

"It's thrue, thin. Pen, you beggar, be sthill for a minnit. Vandy, ye cudn't help bein' good to the loikes o' that, now."

Vandy scarcely knew what to say, but he stammered out:

"Are you very sick, Clip?"

"Sick? oh, no. But I'm afraid I'm going to be, before the doctors are done with me to-morrow."

"That's too bad. Isn't there any help for it?"

"Not if I want to be all well."

"There, now, Clip, I'm goin' for half an hour. Vandy can stay and talk wid ye. He's a good b'ye, Clip, and it's takin' him in for a partner I am. Ye'll see more of him."

Vandy was not sorry to hear that, and to be left with the pretty sufferer, and Clip was more than a little delighted with a new face and somebody of her own age to talk to.

Her young visitor lost all remains of his bashfulness in answering the running fire of questions to which he found himself subjected.

It was little enough from the outer world that ever came in on the lips of old Mother Bounce, and Clip was very much interested in the things that were common-place affairs to Vandy.

He speedily found his tongue when he learned the use he was expected to make of it, and Clip's eyes danced again with pleasure as she listened to him.

He asked her questions, too, about herself, and her ways of killing time up there, all alone, and he was fairly astonished to find how much a girl of her age could read when she had nothing else in the wide world to do. So many scores and scores of times as much as he himself had ever done. He gazed at her as a sort of child-prodigy of learning, before she had told him half.

Before Mother Bounce came back a good deal more than one half hour, or even two, had slipped away, and Vandy MacNamara had become a most admiring friend of Clip Bounce.

(To be continued.)

"The Janitor's Boy" was commenced in No. [illegible]

◆

## MATHEMATICAL CURIOSITY.

MR. JOSEPH JAMERSON, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has had the leisure and ingenuity to study out the following peculiar arrangement of figures:

The year 1881 will be a mathematical curiosity. From left to right and from right to left it reads the same; 18 divided by 2 gives 9 as the quotient; 81 divided by 9 and 9 is the quotient. If 1881 is divided by 209, 9 is the quotient; if divided by 9, the quotient contains a 9, the product contains two 9's. One and eight are nine, eight and one are nine. If the 18 be placed under the 81 and added the sum is 99. If the figures be added thus, 1, 8, 8, 1, it will be 18. Reading from left to right is 18, and reading from right to left is 81; and 18 is two-ninths of 81. By adding, dividing and multiplying, nineteen 9's are produced, being one 9 for each year required to complete the century.

◆

**EXPECTATIONS.**—Nothing in this world is so fatal to the development of the intellectual powers of the young as what are commonly called expectations. Take two boys of the same age, and as nearly as may be of the same capabilities. Inform one that he is heir to a large fortune, which, some day or other, must come in his possession; tell the other that he has not a sixpence to depend on, but must thrive by his own exertions, and ten years after there will be a mighty difference between them. You will find that one has wrapped up his talent in a napkin, while the other has laid it out at interest.

## ARCHERY.

THE noble sport of archery was recently introduced to the good people of Boston and vicinity by a highly successful tournament at Beacon Park Range, under the auspices of the Eastern Archery Association.

There were forty-six competitors, ten of whom were young ladies, the others men, ranging in age from twenty-one to seventy. They represented the following clubs: Pequossette Club, Watertown; Cedarwood Club, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Robin Hood Club, Nyack, N. Y.; Lewiston Club, Me.; Brooklyn Club, N. Y.; Ellensville Club, N. Y.; Oritani Club, Hackensack, N. J. The archers were divided by lot for the first day's competitions into eight groups. This arrangement brought the members of various clubs together, and gave them an opportunity to form acquaintances under exceedingly pleasant circumstances. Each group shot at its own target. The shooting points were on the lawn in front of the grand-stand. The track fences were removed from each side, and the targets were placed beyond the line of the inside fence parallel with the shooting points. The targets were made of plaited straw. The face, which is a circle of four feet eight inches in diameter, is covered with canvas, on which are painted rings, each four and three-tenths inches wide, one outside of the other from the "gold," or bull's-eye, as it is called in rifle-shooting. The rings are painted in different colors, and each is of different value in the score.

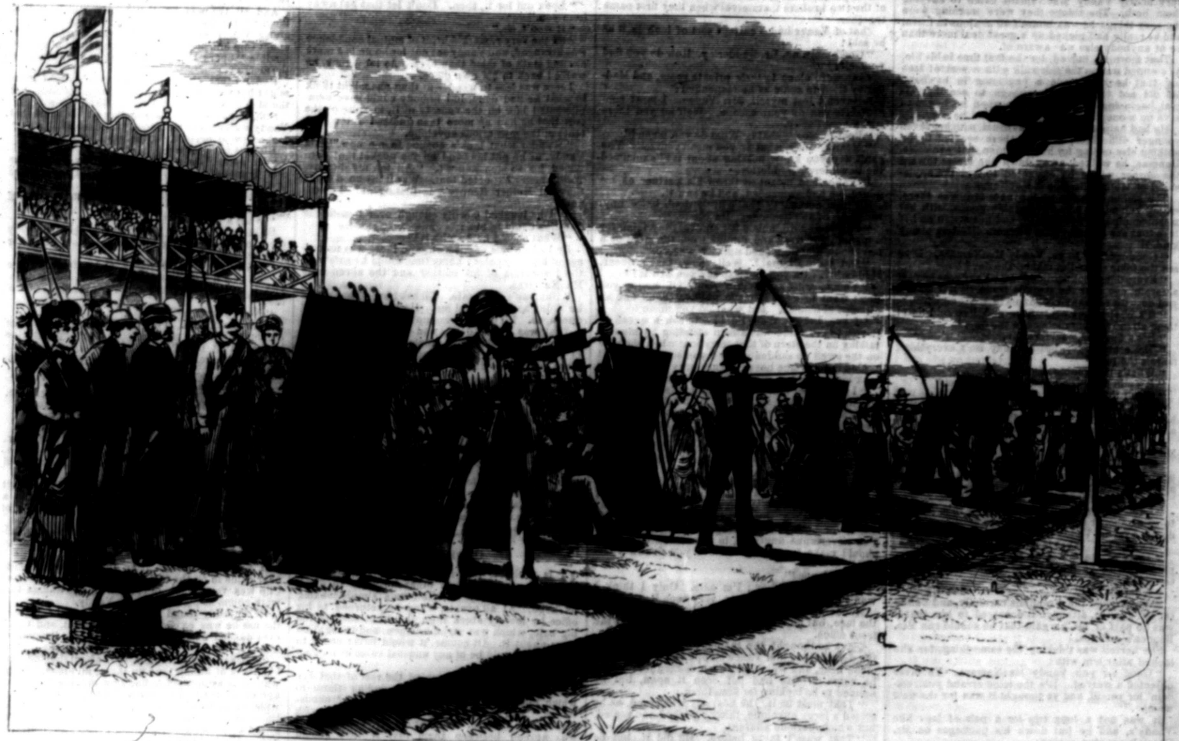
Thus, if the arrow enters the gold it counts the archer nine, the first ring seven, the second ring five, the third ring three, and the fourth, which is the outside ring, one. The highest possible score in any match is the total represented by the number of arrows fired, multiplied by nine. To make this, every arrow would have to pierce the gold. This has never been done, however, by modern archers at least, and to obtain the highest possible score is almost an impossibility. The marking is done by boys, called heralds, stationed behind board screens, placed a little in front and at one side of the target, who show painted disks corresponding in color to the color of the ring which the arrow pierces, as soon as it reaches its mark. Each archer shoots a string of three arrows, and the total as shown by the disks is placed to his credit on a large blackboard at the shooting point by the scorer. Each target has one herald and one scorer, and also an arrow-boy, who gathers up the arrows and brings them back to the shooting point.

The bows used by the archers are about six feet and a half long, and the arrows about two feet and a half. The arrows are headed with steel, and feathered at the tail end. The average pull of a gentleman's bow is about forty-five pounds, and of a lady's about twenty-five; that is, the strength required to pull an arrow to the head is equal to that which would be required to lift forty-five or twenty-five pound weight. The heaviest bow on the ground was sixty pounds. In shooting, the archer stands nearly at right angles with the target. He holds his bow extended in his left hand, and with his right draws the string back to the eye, so that he can sight along the arrow. With an average-weight bow the arrow is usually shot at an elevation on a long range, but with a heavy bow it is shot fifty yards in a straight line. The exercise develops the chest and the muscles of the wrists, arms, and shoulders to a wonderful degree of strength and size.

[To be continued.]

* * *

THE largest sum ever paid for a horse in England was $72,000, given for Doncaster by the Duke of Westminster.



ARCHERY.—THE RECENT RENEWAL OF THIS SPORT AT BOSTON.

# Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

### CHAPTER LI.

### DOCTOR WADDLE SURPRISES MIFFINS AND PARROT.

THE Diddler soon regained his spirits out in the sunshine, playing with his schoolfellows.

Doctor Waddle could hear his shouts of merriment as he sat in his armchair with bowed head, and he almost envied the eccentric youth his light heart and clear conscience.

How much longer the doctor would have sat thus it is impossible to say.

But he was startled by a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

Looking up, he saw Miffins, who, although a rough, ignorant fellow, was rich, and knew how to lay out his money to advantage.

He was one of the doctor's creditors.

"What do you want with me?" asked the doctor.

"I've been a-looking for you everywhere," said Miffins. "I want a talk with yer, I does."

And without waiting for an answer, he continued:

"You owes me money."

"I know that," said the doctor. "You remind me of that often enough, Mr. Miffins."

"I knows I does," said Miffins; "and I shall tell yer of it as often as I chooses."

"I'll pay you as soon as I can," said the doctor, with almost a groan.

There was something so mortifying in being in the debt of a low man like Miffins, who, if offended, would use his advantage to the utmost.

"Now I am a-going to make you a hoffer," said Miffins, impressively.

"Well, what is it?" said the schoolmaster, impatiently.

"I'll say no more about the money you owes me if you'll consent to kick that Parrot out of your house when he comes."

"Kick my old friend out of the house!" cried the doctor. "What for?"

"Because," returned Miffins, "I've had a jolly row with him."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, Miffins," said the doctor, calling up all his dignity. "You have gone too far."

"Gone too far," cried Miffins, staggering back. "You had better mind what you are at, old butter-head."

"Sir, I despise your threats!" said the indignant doctor, snapping his fingers in Miffins's face. "I don't care for you a bit!"

"Don't care for me a bit!" blustered Miffins. "I'll see about that. Pay me my money."

"That's the very thing I intend to do," said the doctor, taking out the note Tom Ely had given him and flourishing it before Miffins's eyes.

"You have taken me in," said Miffins. "Why did you go for to tell me you hadn't got no money when I axed you yesterday?"

"That's my business, sir," said the doctor, coloring a little.

"Oh, in course," said Miffins.

He was cooling down.

But the doctor was cold and distant.

If he was compelled to pay Miffins what he owed him, he had determined to rid himself of that gentleman's company, for both Miffins and Parrot had accepted an invitation to stay a time in the doctor's house.

Miffins, indeed, had insisted on being invited, that he might look after the doctor and his money.

He told him so pretty plainly.

"I don't want yer money," said Miffins. "Give us yer hand, old boy."

The doctor laid his limp fingers in Miffins's horny palm.

Thus peace was restored.

Miffins, after partaking of a glass of whisky, took himself off, and the doctor was once more alone.

But not for long.

Mr. Parrot dashed into the room.

"Doctor Waddle," he cried, "I'll eat my wig if I put up with it any longer."

"Put up with what?" asked the distracted doctor.

"That Miffins," cried Mr. Parrot. "He is worse than a heathen."

"What has he been doing?" asked the doctor.

"I'll eat my wig if he hasn't been going on, anyhow," said Mr. Parrot.

"Well?" said the doctor.

"We sleep in a double-bedded room," said Parrot, "and he will smoke all night in defiance of me."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said the doctor, soothingly.

"Fifty times a night do I ask him to leave off smoking," continued the injured Parrot.

"And he refuses, I suppose?" returned the doctor.

"Yes; so last night I threw a pillow at him and broke his pipe."

"You couldn't have expected him to take that coolly?" observed the doctor.

"Take it coolly, sir!" cried Mr. Parrot. "Why, he raved like a maniac. And what is more," added the little gentleman, impressively holding up a lean forefinger, "he actually jumped out of his bed and struck me."

"Shocking conduct," said the doctor, closing his eyes and slowly shaking his head.

"Disgraceful! infamous! I call it!" cried Mr. Parrot. "And I have come to ask you to turn the blackguard out of the house."

"But, my dear sir," said the doctor, "Mr. Miffins is my guest."

"And I am your guest, also," cried the disgusted Parrot. "You owe something to me, sir."

Mr. Parrot had not meant this as an allusion to certain momentary transactions which had passed between himself and the doctor; but that was how Waddle took it.

For the second time Tom Ely's bank-note stood him in good stead.

He produced it with another flourish, and Mr. Parrot, declining to receive it, went away considerably subdued.

Doctor Waddle then bethought himself of his prisoner.

He proceeded to the library.

Turning the key, he stalked into the room.

"Bully Mungal," he said, "you may go. I find I have misjudged you."

The sullen youth jumped off the chair and hurried away.

He had reached the door, when the doctor caught sight of the broken window.

"Halloa!" he exclaimed; "who did that?"

"It was I," said Bully Mungal.

"And may I ask you why you did such a thing?" said the doctor, going to the cupboard and selecting a cane.

"I did it because I had nothing else to do, and it amused me," retorted Bully Mungal, folding his arms.

"Amused you, eh?" said the doctor, suddenly striking his pupil across the back. "It is now my turn to be amused."

And he made Bully Mungal jump again.

"There!" he said, dropping the cane, for his arm was exhausted; "now you may go, sir."

Bully Mungal paused on the threshold of the door and looked at the doctor.

"I'll pay you out for this when my turn comes," he said. And he meant to keep his word.

### CHAPTER LII.

### A DAY AND A NIGHT.

THE Diddler's friends were naturally indignant at the treatment he had received.

They felt convinced that the doctor had been bribed by Tom Ely.

Standing in groups in the playground, they talked with grave and earnest faces.

"Look here!" said young Pickwick, "if that locket isn't found I mean to bring the house about the doctor's ears. But I don't think it will be necessary; I feel convinced, by the doctor's manner, that you will find your locket again."

"Let's hope so," cried the Diddler. "I don't bother myself."

At this moment Tinkle came running up to Pickwick.

"Halloa!" he cried; "the doctor wants you and the Diddler to help to make his lawn look nice. He is going to have a garden party."

"I shan't do anything to the doctor's lawn until I know whether I am to be invited or not," returned young Pickwick; "and so you may tell him, with my compliments. Why doesn't he keep a gardener?"

"Oh, you'll be invited," said Tinkle, confidentially.

"How do you happen to know that?" asked young Pickwick.

"I have been told."

"Oh, in that case I'm on," cried the Diddler, slapping his pockets. "Won't we have a lark, eh, Picky?"

Young Pickwick laughed and nodded.

The boys, who intended to join in the festivities, made for the doctor's private grounds with all speed.

Young Pickwick and the Diddler were soon busily engaged in sweeping the gravel paths, while Tinkle and Dick Sancliff worked away with a will at a large lawn-mower.

"This is jolly hot work," said Tinkle.

He was dragging away at the rope attached to the lawn-mower, while Dick Sancliff pushed behind.

The Honorable Fitzsham, who had received an especial invitation from the doctor, stood looking on with great interest, but he did not offer to assist.

"I've been asked," cried the fat boy.

He had lumbered up to his friends in high glee.

"Oh, have you?" observed Fitzsham, who could not overcome his dislike to his bloated schoolfellow. "What are you going to do with yourself?"

"It's a fine day for a snooze," observed the fat boy. "I'm a-goin' to fling myself under a shady tree and look up at the blue sky. It amuses me to see the larks a-flying and hear them a-singing overhead."

"Bravo, fatty!" cried Dick, who had overheard the remark. "You are becoming quite romantic."

"He is a nice one to talk about larks," observed the Diddler. "He would frighten them away—half a jiffy."

"Why?" asked Swags.

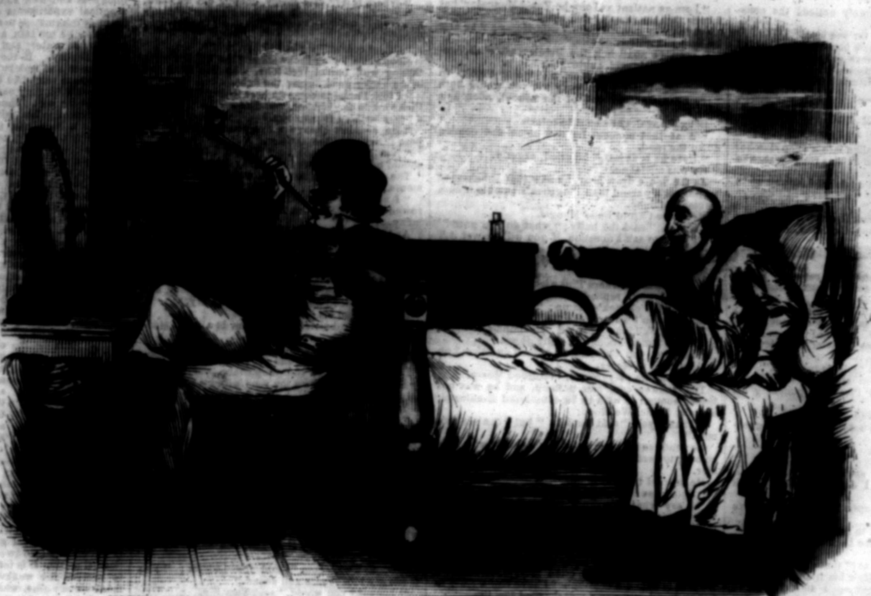
"Can you ask?" cried the Diddler. "Think of your snore—awful row—'pon honor—talk about up with my clappers and knock you down backward after that."

"Get along with you," cried the fat boy, and he angrily turned away.

Seeking out a pleasant spot, he sat down on the grass and fell into a quiet doze.

"Confound him!" said Tinkle; "he has just gone and stuck himself against the wall where the target is going to be put up for the archery contest."

"Yes," said young Pickwick. "What do you say to affixing the target to the fat boy's back. It is only a cardboard affair, and very light."



YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"'SIR,' CRIED MR. PARROT, 'I INSIST THAT YOU PUT THAT PIPE OUT!'"

"Done!" cried the Diddler.

He ran off and speedily appeared with the target.

Young Pickwick took it out of his hand, and going over to where the fat boy was slumbering, affixed it to his back.

The target was a large one, and completely hid the bloated youth from view.

He slumbered on, unconscious of what was going on around him.

The garden being swept and garnished, young Pickwick and his friends retired to dress for the party.

They reappeared as the guests began to assemble.

"Let's keep in sight of the target, old boy," whispered the Diddler. "I don't want to lose the fun."

The archery contest soon began.

Mr. Parrot came forward, and selecting a very pointed arrow, fixed it in his bow.

He was considered a remarkably good shot, and those around him watched his every movement.

Twang went the bow, and the arrow sped on its way.

He struck the bulls-eye.

The feat met with loud applause.

"A wonderful shot," observed the doctor.

"Very fine," said the Diddler. "Robin Hood was a fool to Parrot—'pon honor." At this moment the target was seen to move slightly. "The wind is very high," said the doctor; "but could it be that the target moved?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Miffins, coming forward and pushing Parrot aside.

Miffins then took up a bow and arrow uninvited.

He did not mean to be left out of the fun.

He went to work clumsily enough.

The boys grinned as the arrow struck the target.

To the intense astonishment of Doctor Waddle and his guests, a faint howl was heard.

Then the target moved slowly and solemnly away.

Miffins's arrow had penetrated the fat boy's flesh.

The doctor was spell-bound for a moment.

Then he rushed after the target, but, strange to say, it had entirely disappeared.

"Where on earth has he gone?" whispered young Pickwick to the Diddler.

"Don't know, I am sure," returned the Diddler. "Singular case—very."

"Help me out!" cried a faint voice.

Swags had fallen into a ditch at the bottom of the garden, target and all

He was speedily rescued from his uncomfortable position.

But the target was still attached to his back.

The doctor felt strongly tempted to chastise the fat boy.

But he resisted the impulse.

"Look here, my boys," he said, trying to steady his voice. "I must really request you to retire."

"What do you mean?" cried the Diddler. "The fun hasn't half began."

"Oblige me by doing as I tell you," said the doctor. "I don't want any more practical jokes played upon me, my young gentlemen."

"I'm not going to be turned out," said the Diddler, in a loud voice. "I haven't even had an ice-cream."

"Hush!" cried the doctor.

"Oh, I mean what I say," continued the disappointed Diddler.

"Am I to be turned out as well as the others?" asked the fat boy.

"Certainly!" cried the doctor.

"Then, here goes," said Swags, making for the refreshment tent.

"Stop him!" shouted the doctor.

But it was too late.

The fat boy, with a speed one would scarcely have given him credit for, made his way inside the tent, and was filling his mouth with dainties.

"Oh, I'll have him out of that!" cried Miffins.

He entered the tent and clutched Swags by the arm. That heavy youth instinctively grasped at the centre-pole, which supported the tent.

But it would not bear his weight.

Next moment he fell to the ground, dragging Miffins with him, overturning the tent, and smashthe refreshment-table.

The tent heaved up and down like the sea, as Miffins and Swags struggled to escape.

They rolled about among the broken bottles and chicken-pies and ice-creams, and now and then Miffins relieved his feelings by giving the fat boy a hearty cuff.

But they were speedily dragged out of the tent by young Pickwick and his friends.

The doctor could contain himself no longer.

He flew at the fat boy tooth and nail.

"That's right," said Miffins; "when you have done I'll take a turn with him."

"No, no!" the doctor said, hastily; "this is not the place or hour for a scene like this."

"Then I'll kick him out of these 'ere grounds," said Miffins.

And he suited the action to the word.

The other boys were compelled to follow Swags. But they had had their game, and were willing to abide the consequences.

Doctor Waddle had a very anxious time of it all that evening.

Miffins and Parrot were in a quarrelsome humor. He was obliged to keep a constant watch over them, in order to prevent them from coming to open combat.

"I'm not going to sleep in the same room that Miffins to-night," observed Mr. Parrot.

"Unfortunately, I have no other accommodation for you," said the doctor.

"Let him go and lie under the sink, if he likes," cried Miffins; "I am sure I should prefer his room to his company."

"Can't you make me up a bed on the sofa?" asked Parrot.

"My wife wouldn't allow it," said the doctor.

Mr. Parrot groaned: he snatched up a candlestick and went off to bed.

"I shall be asleep before Miffins comes up," he thought.

But he was doomed to disappointment.

He had scarcely ensconced himself between the blankets when Miffins staggered into the room with a bottle under each arm.

Putting the bottles upon the toilet-table, he threw himself into a chair, and began to roar out the stave of a song at the top of a very loud voice.

"Let us be happy together!" he yelled.

"I should like to go asleep," observed Mr. Parrot. "Can't you hold your row?"

"No, I can't," said Miffins. "I always likes a song afore I goes to bed."

And he put his lips to one of the suspicious-looking bottles.

"Here's your good health, Parrot," he said.

"Haven't you had enough of that?" asked Parrot.

"No, I ain't," returned Miffins, swaying backward and forward in his chair.

He produced a large pipe, holding about an ounce of tobacco, and calmly loaded it.

This done he lighted it, and placed it between his lips.

"Do you want to choke me all at once?" cried Mr. Parrot, sitting up in bed. "Where did you get that pipe?"

"You made such a fuss last night about my pipe," said Miffins, "that I was afraid it wasn't big enough, and so I bought this one to please you."

"Sir," cried Mr. Parrot, coughing violently, "I insist that you put that pipe out."

"Not me," returned Miffins, puffing away with intense enjoyment.

"I think I mentioned before that I could not stand tobacco-smoke," cried Mr. Parrot.

"And I thinks I mentioned before that I shall do as I likes," returned Miffins.

"This is not your apartment, sir," said Parrot, angrily.

"If it ain't mine it ain't your'n," retorted Miffins; "and I means to do as I likes in it."

Mr. Parrot dived under the bed for one of his boots.

When he found it he flung it at Miffins's head.

That gentleman escaped, but the boot overturned and broke one of the bottles and extinguished the light at the same time.

"All my whisky gone," cried Miffins, groping his way toward the bed. "Oh, I'll pay you out for this!"

Mr. Parrot gave a cry of terror and darted out of the room, with the infuriated Miffins close behind him. Mr. Parrot flew down the corridor. He hastily rushed into the large dormitory, and closed and double-locked the door.

"Who is that?" cried the voice of the Diddler. "I say, Pickwick, there is somebody in our room."

"Kick him out!" said young Pickwick, sleepily.

"No, don't do that, my dear boys," said Mr. Parrot, earnestly.

Young Pickwick hastily jumped out of bed and lit a candle.

"Why, what are you doing here at this time of night?" he asked.

"I have run away from Miffins," cried Mr. Parrot. "He means to murder me!"

"Nonsense!" cried young Pickwick; "you shouldn't be in such a funk. It is only his playful way."

"You won't open the door to him?" cried Mr. Parrot.

He was trembling with agitation.

"Not unless you wish me to do so," returned young Pickwick.

"Oh, there he is!" cried Mr. Parrot, as heavy blows were rained down upon the door.

"Let me in!" cried Miffins, "or I'll limb you all."

"Can't you stop him?" cried Mr. Parrot, throwing himself upon young Pickwick's bed; "if something isn't done he'll have the door down."

"I know what to do," said the Diddler; "put out the fire—no time."

And taking a jug of water in his hand, the Diddler stepped upon a chair.

There was a square trap over the door, which was left open to ventilate the apartment.

The Diddler popped his head out and looked down at Miffins.

That gentleman was still pounding away at the door.

"Take that, my friend," said the Diddler, pouring the contents of the jug over him.

Miffins was taken by surprise. He paused, but only for a moment.

Then he kicked and banged away at the door with renewed energy.

"Leave him alone," cried Parrot; "you only make him worse."

But the Diddler paid no heed to this.

He enjoyed the fun.

"Hand me up another jug, Picky," he cried.

Pickwick hastened to do his bidding.

For the second time Miffins was deluged with water.

He looked up and saw the grinning face of the Diddler.

"How are you now?" asked the eccentric youth. "I thought you would like a shower-bath on this hot night—agreeable, very."

"I'll burst you into little bits when I gets hold on you," shouted Miffins, leaping up at the Diddler like an enraged bulldog.

Then concentrating all his strength in one mighty blow, he broke the lock of the door.

It flew open, overturning the chair upon which the Diddler was standing.

"Oh!" yelled Mr. Parrot, as the Diddler fell on young Pickwick's bed, and almost took the breath out of his body.

But the boys paid no heed to him.

They had something else to think of.

"Put out the light," shouted young Pickwick, as Miffins rushed into the room.

Bob Fairfit did so, and the room was in total darkness.

Then followed a scene of indescribable confusion.

Miffins groped about, trying in vain to catch the boys as they danced round him.

But at length he fell against a bedstead.

Putting out his hand to save himself, he became aware that the bed was occupied.

Carrying his investigations still further, he felt a bald head.

"Oh, I've got you now, have I?" he cried.

No answer.

Miffins began to drag his victim out of bed.

This was not such an easy task as he expected.

"Obstinate old fellow!" yelled Miffins; "I will make you open that ugly mouth of your'n and beg my pardon."

Still no answer. The angry Miffins rolled over on the floor with the owner of the bald head.

At this moment the boys saw a faint light at the lower end of the corridor.

It rapidly approached, and Doctor Waddle entered the room.

The flaring tallow-candle which he held above his head dimly lighted the long apartment.

"What on earth are you doing here, Miffins?" he cried: "and why are you rolling about on the floor with the fat boy?"

Miffins uttered an angry exclamation as he glanced from the innocent Swags, whom he had pulled out of bed, to the guilty Parrot, who was cowering away from him.

Mrs. Hardtopp had that morning moved the fat boy's bed in the dormitory.

"Well, Miffins," cried the doctor, impatiently, "am I to repeat my question?"

"It was all along of old parchment shanks," returned Miffins; "he made me mad, and then ran in to these 'ere boys for protection."

And he made a sudden dash at Parrot.

"Be calm!" cried the doctor.

He hastily came between them, and received a blow on his nose for his pains.

"There!" cried Miffins; "you'll just mind your own business arter that."

"Sir!" exclaimed the indignant doctor, "you will please to consider your visit at an end."

"Certainly," said Miffins; "I'll build myself a house directly."

The idea pleased him.

His face relaxed and his arm fell by his side.

"I'm blest if it shan't be the finest place in the whole country," he exclaimed; "I'll have a tower and a flag a-flying on top of it, see if I don't."

"Don't expect me to put up with your extraordinary freaks while it is being built," cried the doctor. "Excuse me if I decline to be imposed upon, Mr. Miffins."

"I'm not going to leave the house until I gets one of my own," cried Miffins; "I won't be tucked up in lodgings just to please you. Go I won't!"

Here he shook his fist in the doctor's face.

"Mr. Miffins, you are very much excited," said Doctor Waddle; "I must talk to you in the morning."

But Miffins was too excited to pay any heed to the doctor's words.

"Just you turn me out of this 'ere house," he bellowed, advancing upon the doctor; "I'd like to see you and all your lot try it on."

The doctor was alarmed.

He took to his heels and rushed down the passage, with Miffins close behind him.

In his fright the doctor ran down the stairs and across the hall.

Miffins was in pursuit.

In his haste to catch the doctor, Miffins missed his footing and rolled down the flight of stairs.

While he was picking himself up, the doctor unbolted the door and dashed out into the night.

He had traversed two or three hundred yards before he found that he was not pursued.

When he made this discovery he gained courage and returned.

But only to find the door locked against him.

"Let me in," cried the doctor, gently tapping with his fingers.

He did not wish to arouse the household.

A laugh of derision was the sole response.

"Is this how I am to be treated, after all my kindness and hospitality?" said the doctor.

"Kindness and hospitality be blowed," retorted Miffins. "I s'pose you will tell me next that you did not give me the straight tip to go this very night."

"I never meant it, Miffins," returned the doctor.

"You was very perlite up-stairs, in course you was."

"Come, Miffins, don't keep me standing here," cried Doctor Waddle. "Let me in; there's a good fellow."

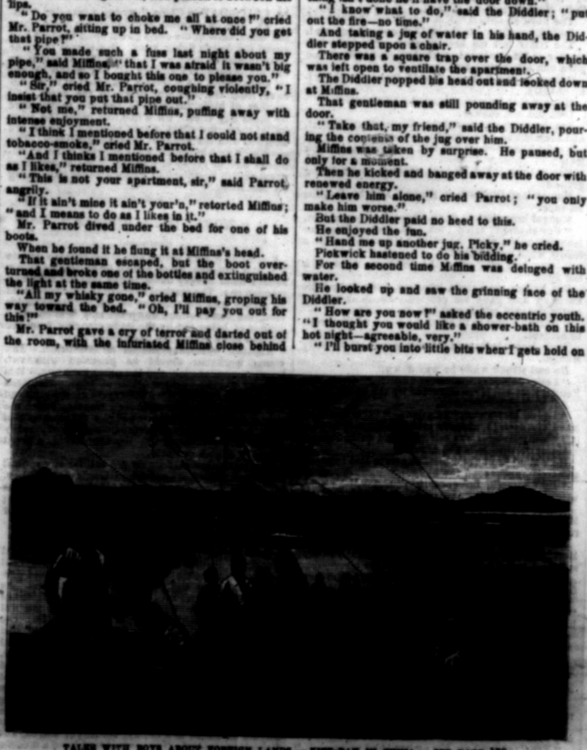
"Afore I lets you in you must come to terms," said Miffins. "You must promise not to speak about my going away ag'in."

"I'll promise you anything," cried the doctor.

"Spoken like a trump," said Miffins, throwing open the door. "Come in."

The shivering doctor stalked into the passage.

He walked up-stairs without bidding Miffins good-night.



TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—KITE-DAY IN CHINA.—SEE PAGE 170.

But that gentleman scarcely noticed the omission.

His brain had only room for one idea.

He was thinking of his new house, and chuckled with pleasure as he once more sought his couch.

This time he had entire possession of his chamber, and smoked on in an undisturbed enjoyment until he fell asleep.

### CHAPTER LIII.

### A MIDNIGHT JOURNEY.

YOUNG Pickwick had fallen into a deep slumber after this alarm, when he was roughly shaken by the arm.

"Look here, Miffins," he exclaimed, sitting up in bed and rubbing his eyes; "we have had enough of your larks for one night."

"It isn't Miffins," said Dick Sancliff.

"What's up?" said young Pickwick, now wide awake.

"I've had a terrible dream," said Dick, who was pale and trembling.

"Nasty thing the nightmare," returned young Pickwick; "but you are not in a funk about that, are you?"

"No, Pickwick, I am not," said Dick, earnestly; "but when you have the same dream three times it seems very like reality."

"Why did you not let me know of this before?" asked young Pickwick.

"Because I did not wish to be laughed at."

"Then if that is what you are afraid of, you will get into bed again," said Pickwick, punching his pillow.

Dick rather angrily walked back to bed.

But young Pickwick did not wish to be at loggerheads with his chum.

"I say, Dick," he cried.

Sancliff did not answer.

"Oh, sulky, are you?" said Pickwick. "Well, that isn't like you; but I dare say you'll be all right in the morning."

And he turned his back upon Dick and once more fell asleep.

But he was not destined to rest that night.

He suddenly awoke to see Dick stealing from the dormitory.

"Now, what can he be at?" thought Pickwick.

He hastily dressed to follow his friend.

He heard the front door open and close, and snatching up his hat, he also hurried out of the house.

At first he could see nothing of Dick.

But the moon suddenly appeared, and he saw his friend about a hundred yards in advance.

"Dick!" he cried.

But no answer was wafted back upon the breeze of that Summer night.

"Why, what in the world can he be thinking of?" exclaimed Pickwick, feeling rather annoyed; "he might have taken me into his confidence."

Hastily breaking into a run, he reached Dick's side and caught hold of his arm.

Dick took not the slightest notice of him.

He was looking straight down the road.

"Look there! Do you see it?" he cried, in a hollow voice, that made Pickwick's blood run cold.

"See what?" asked Pickwick.

"The ghost of poor little Benny Leadbitter," cried Dick, pointing ahead.

Young Pickwick shivered.

Either his chum saw something he could not see or he had suddenly gone mad.

"I can see nothing," he said, soothingly. "Come back to bed, old boy."

"I must follow him," said Dick. "Look, he beckons me! Poor Benny!"

Pickwick soon found that his friend was not to be turned away from his purpose.

He determined not to leave him.

Dick led him through the gate, and they entered the wood which skirted the churchyard.

Pickwick started back, while a shudder ran through his frame.

They were standing on the very spot where poor little Benny had been cruelly murdered.

At this moment a distant clock struck one.

"It has vanished!" said Dick, with a long-drawn sigh.

"What mean you?" asked Pickwick.

"The thing I have followed," said Dick; "but why did it bring me here?"

He hesitated for a moment, then plunged into the deeper darkness of the wood.

Young Pickwick still followed him.

Suddenly Dick's foot struck against something in the long grass and he fell.

"What is this?" he cried, as he staggered to his feet with something in his hand.

"A chopper," returned Pickwick. "Well, Dick, ghost or no ghost, we haven't had our walk for nothing."

"If you had seen Benny as I saw him, you could no longer doubt," said Dick, as he and his chum left the wood, and hurried into the moonlight to examine what they had found.

It was a chopper, sure enough, and stained with human blood.

"This is something of importance," said Pickwick, as they began their homeward journey. "Now we have found this instrument, we have a certain clue."

Dick answered not.

A great awe was upon him.

Pickwick, too, was greatly affected by what had happened.

But he would not acknowledge it to his friend.

He feared to excite him still more.

They reached home and retired to bed.

But no sleep visited their eyes.

Early in the morning Dick and young Pickwick repaired to the doctor's library.

At first the schoolmaster pooh-poohed what they narrated to him.

"Don't come to me with such improbable tales," he exclaimed.

But when they produced the blood-stained chopper he was obliged to admit there was some foundation in this story.

He placed that article in the hands of the police, and the boys were taken before a magistrate, who listened attentively to all Pickwick had to say, and took it down in writing.

### CHAPTER LIV.

### THE DIDDLER FINDS HIS LOCKET.

IT wanted an hour to school-time, and Mossy Morton stood at the gate of the playground talking to Bully Mungal.

They evidently expected somebody.

Every now and then they cast anxious glances down the dusty road.

"He is a long time coming," observed Bully Mungal.

"Have a little patience," returned Mossy.

"I am as patient as I can be," said Mungal; "but I hope that the jeweler suspected nothing wrong."

"I tell you it is all right," said Mossy; "he will be here in a minute or two."

"Then we shall lick the Diddler, after all," returned Bully Mungal, rubbing his hands.

"Yes," said Mossy Morton; "and thanks to me alone. But for my ready wit you would both have been chucked out of the school, neck and crop."

Bully Mungal was about to retort.

But at that moment he saw some one coming down the road.

"Here he is at last," he cried, eagerly.

He was mistaken.

As the figure drew near, he saw that it belonged to no less a person than Pickwick's humble friend, Daniel Welldone.

He walked up to Bully Mungal.

"Halloa!" said the bully; "what do you want?"

"I want to ask a question, if you will answer it," returned Daniel.

"That depends upon what it is," said Mungal; "out with it."

"Do you know where Pickwick is?"

"Yes, I do," replied Mungal, frowning at the mention of Pickwick's name; "but I shan't tell you. We don't want any of his hangers-on here."

Daniel Welldone resisted an impulse which prompted him to knock the bully down.

"Perhaps you will answer a civil question," he said, turning to Mossy.

"He is in the playground," returned Mossy.

The answer cost him nothing, and he was not foolish enough to wish to be considered ill-natured, even by Daniel Welldone.

"Thank you," said Daniel; "but I can see him now."

He had caught sight of his friend, who was coming toward the gate arm-in-arm with the Diddler.

He hurried to meet them.

"Sullen, as usual," observed Morton to Mungal.

"I say what I mean," retorted Bully Mungal, "so please to hold your jaw, or you'll hear something you won't like in less than no time."

"You are in a pretty temper, I must say," replied Mossy, "quarreling with your best friend."

"That's a lie!" said Bully Mungal.

"Don't go too far," cried Mossy Morton; "I may be in delicate health, but I have half a mind to knock you down, you dunderheaded fool!"

"Call me that again!" said Bully Mungal, stamping his foot.

Mossy Morton turned pale.

"Don't dare to touch me!" he exclaimed, looking round to see if any one was near.

His spirits rose as he caught sight of his cousin Dick.

"I'll shake the life out of you!" shouted Bully Mungal.

And he shook Mossy until his teeth chattered in his head.

"Dick!" cried Mossy, appealing to his hated cousin, "will you let Bully Mungal knock me about because I have told the truth?"

"He shan't knock you about in any case, if I can help it," cried Dick.

He turned upon Mungal.

"Release my cousin!" he cried, angrily.

"Shan't," said Bully Mungal. "I am going to pay him out."

"Take that, then!" cried Dick, suddenly giving him a knock-down blow.

Mungal was soon upon his feet again.

Hastily taking off his coat, he threw it on the ground.

"So you want to have another row with me," cried Dick; "if you take my advice you will be satisfied with what you got last time we had a round and leave me alone."

"If you are not afraid to fight, come on!" said Bully Mungal, rushing at Dick.

The boys closed.

Bully Mungal tried to throw Dick upon the ground.

The latter felt his breath growing shorter and shorter as his opponent exerted all his strength and gave him a bear-like hug.

"How do you feel now?" said Bully Mungal, triumphantly.

He saw that he was getting the best of it.

Dick did not answer.

But he suddenly wound his leg around Mungal, and they fell on the ground together.

Nothing daunted by this fall, they sprang to their feet.

For a time Bully Mungal seemed to be losing ground.

But at last Dick's foot slipped, and he lost his balance.

Mungal immediately flung himself on top of him.

"For shame!" cried Pickwick, who at this moment appeared upon the scene; "would you hit a fellow when he is down?"

"Drag him off," cried the Diddler; "it isn't a fair fight."

But before they could interfere, Dick jerked his knee up and gave his cowardly assailant a blow under the chin which sent him on one side.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried the boys, as Dick rose to his feet.

They were indignant at the conduct of Bully Mungal.

He had struck while he was down.

"Let's cob him for his cowardice," cried Rob Fairfit, who had been attracted by the noise.

But Pickwick interfered.

"Leave him alone," he cried. "Dick has punished him enough, and can give him more if he likes it." Bully Mungal was released, and walked away.

Mossy Morton followed him.

He waited until the other boys were lost to sight, and then approached the bully.

"Had enough, for once in your life," he said, with his aggravating smile.

"I'll have nothing to say to you," cried Bully Mungal. "It was all through you I got into the row."

"I only did it in self-defense," returned Mossy Morton. "I wasn't strong enough to fight you myself, so I got somebody else to do it for me."

Bully Mungal suddenly stopped short and confronted Mossy.

"I know what you are thinking of," said Mossy. "You are in doubt whether you shall give me your hand or try and knock me down."

"It is only a toss up," said Mungal.

But he smiled.

His temper was beginning to cool down a little, and he did not wish to break with Mossy altogether.

"Halloa!" cried Tom Ely, looking over a gate; "been having a fight, old man?"

"Just please to mind your own business," retorted Mungal.

"Look here," said Mossy Morton, "we haven't any time for quarreling. Is the locket all right?"

"Yes," replied Tom Ely; "but I had to wait——"

"Where is it?" said Mossy, holding out his hand.

"The *fac-simile* is safe and sound in the Diddler's box," returned Tom Ely. "That's all you want to know, isn't it?"

"Oh, of course," replied Mossy, coldly.

Meanwhile, young Pickwick and the Diddler were talking with Daniel Welldone, who had remained in the background during the fight.

"I told Daniel to come up here to-day," observed Pickwick to the Diddler, "and now I find I haven't a brass farthing to give him."

"He couldn't change a five-pound note, I suppose?" returned the Diddler.

"Not I," said Daniel. "Why, if I tried it on I should be in jail before I could say Jack Robinson."

The Diddler was lost in thought for a few moments.

"I have it," he cried; "two half crowns—borrowed from Miffins—at the bottom of my box—lucky—very."

And he ran off, bidding them to await his return.

He hurried up to the dormitory at breakneck speed, and flinging open his box, began to rummage therein for the money.

He had secured it, and was replacing the articles of clothing, when he saw a glittering object, and instantly pounced upon it with a joyful cry.

He had found his locket.

The Diddler hurried down-stairs in a great state of excitement.

He gave the money to Pickwick.

"Give Welldone that and get rid of him," he said. "I want to speak to you—important—very."

And he walked down the road with his recovered treasure in his hand.

Young Pickwick soon followed his chum.

"Well, my boy," he cried, slapping him on the shoulder, "what's the best news?"

"I've found the locket," returned the Diddler.

"Glad to hear it, dear boy," said Pickwick.

And the Diddler told how he found it.

"You have done Tom Ely an injustice," Pickwick observed.

"Yes," replied the Diddler; "but I'm ready to own it—very sorry—and so on."

At this moment they caught sight of Tom Ely, who had been watching them from a distance.

The Diddler beckoned to him, and he slowly approached.

"Look here, Tom," said the Diddler; "I've found my locket safe and sound."

"Thought you would," said Tom Ely.

"Then you are willing to shake hands?" said the Diddler. "I am ashamed of myself—feel mean—'pon honor."

Tom Ely drew back.

"You nearly succeeded in getting me expelled from the school," he said.

"I am very sorry—can't say more," returned the Diddler; "if you won't accept my apology, do the other thing."

"I'd rather do the other thing," said Tom Ely.

"You may go and hang yourself," cried the Diddler, as he walked off arm-in-arm with young Pickwick.

The chums sought out Doctor Waddle.

"Well, what do you want now?" he asked, rather impatiently.

But his tone changed when he saw the locket.

"This is fortunate," he observed. "Mr. Miffins's solicitor is coming down to make arrangements about a house which that gentleman is about to have built, and I will ask him to look into the matter."

[To be continued.]

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. 668.

## Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

### KITE-DAY IN CHINA.

"KITE-DAY in China," writes a traveler, "occurs on the ninth day of the ninth moon, when the inhabitants of the cities go out upon the hills and spend the day in flying kites. Sometimes thirty or forty thousand people are assembled together on one hill, where they engage all day in this beautiful amusement. All classes take part in it, we believe, from the Emperor down to the actor. All manner of birds, insects and fish are represented by these gay kites. On a fine day, when the air is full of them, the effect is very pleasing. Some are adorned with the heads of dragons and tigers. The spectator sees in the air what appears to be an immense bird or group of hawks. The Chinese show great skill in keeping half a dozen paper kites going on one string."

## WORK IN CARDBOARD.

(Continued.)

ANOTHER very useful and indispensable article is a foot-rule, which should be of iron, as an unskilled hand is very liable to cut into the sides of a wooden one. The marked edges of this utensil should be square, and not rounded off. If the latter tool is used, the hand holding down the rule is in constant danger of being cut by the knife glancing from the circular edge across the flat of the rule.

Another necessary utensil is the brush. The young workman should be provided with two brushes, one for glue and the other for paste. It is a great mistake to use a brush of small dimensions for this kind of work, as the layers of the material are apt to become uneven and treacly, whilst the use of a large brush is not only a great saving of time, but is the means of producing incomparably better and cleaner work, besides saving a great quantity of glue or paste.

The remaining utensils do not call for any special comment. They are scissors, triangles, compasses, and a folding-stick. It should be observed that the extremities of the scissors are sharp and pointed; the folding-stick also should not be plain, but pointed at the end.

#### THE MATERIAL.

It is necessary, before proceeding to the actual work, to devote a small space to the practical points commanding our attention in mixing and preparing our glue and paste for immediate use. As paste alone will be necessary for the manufacture of the first subjects we shall take in hand, we will hasten to explain its preparation at once. The paste should be prepared with boiling water and starch. The required quantity of starch should be first taken and stirred up in a little cold water. When this is done, the boiling water is slowly poured into the starch-basin. Care should be taken that whilst the pouring process is going on, the mixture is kept in a state of continual commotion by being briskly stirred about with a ladle or spoon. There is no actual recipe for the quantity of water that should be added to a certain amount of starch, and none is necessary. The paste should be of a medium thickness and well adapted for fastening. A few practical experiments cannot fail to impart the necessary information to the dullest of readers. Should the paste be too thin, a little boiling will reduce the quantity of water, and soon convert it to the required density. If the paste should happen to become sour and watery through long standing, the fault is soon remedied by removing the superfluous water with blotting-paper, when the paste is once more fit for use. Should the paste have become lumpy, through bad mixing, the compound must be put into a linen bag, from which all the available paste may then be pressed.

It is a common practice to boil glue in preparing it for use, and this is done without the knowledge that it is not at all necessary. The cakes of glue should be laid in cold water for a day, when they are reduced to a soft, gelatinous substance. The glue is then subjected to gentle heat, which will be quite sufficient to melt it and render it fit for immediate use. Glue, when submitted to too great an amount of heat, is very liable to burn, and therefore the brush should never be left in the pot while the process of melting is going on, as it adheres to the bottom, and can seldom be removed without the loss of a number of hairs.

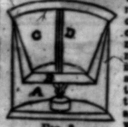


FIG. 3.

To avoid all the unpleasantness arising from this and other causes, some of our readers might not object to lay out a small sum in the purchase of a gluepot, which may be bought either ready made or made to order. It is manufactured from strong tin, and consists, with the exception of a small spirit-lamp, of three parts only. Fig. 3 is a sectional view of the gluepot we have in mind. A is the outside cylinder, which must, of course, have a bottom and be open at the top. A small square doorway should be cut in the bottom to admit the spirit-lamp. B is a water-receptacle, which is suspended on the sides of the outside of the pot. C is the glue receptacle which is hung into B. The actual gluepot (C) is divided into two partitions, C and D. D is intended to receive the weaker and more watery glue, while C is intended solely for the very strong material. The appearance of the complete gluepot, with the aperture into which the spirit-lamp should be put, is shown in Fig. 4. The practical utility of this gluepot will easily be seen; it saves time, prevents waste, and enables the young operator to produce much cleaner work.

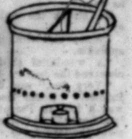


FIG. 4.

[To be continued.]

## A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

AMONG the passengers who arrived one Saturday night from Lake Huron was Miss Belle Johnson, principal saleslady in the confectionery establishment of Thorpe, Hawley & Co., of Detroit, Michigan. She was visited the succeeding Monday by a representative of the *Free Press*, to whom she gave the following description of her experience on the ill-fated *Bertschy*:

"After leaving Bay City we had much heavy weather and had become rather accustomed to the tossing of the boat. Thursday night no change was observed, and the lady passengers, myself among the number, collected in the after-cabin to listen to the stories of several Southern ladies—refugees from the fever epidemic, who had chosen the lakes as a safe resort. I was standing within three feet of my stateroom when the conversation was ended by a terrible crash which threw me headlong across the cabin. The other ladies were crowded in a corner, not one being able to speak. For some minutes no one moved, and I only heard an occasional prayer above the hoarse roar. One lady, like myself, had had experience in similar emergencies, and we with difficulty gained the deck. The night was very dark, and nothing could be seen except the lighthouse beacon, several miles away.

"Our steam whistle had been sounding signals of distress, but as the water dashed over the engine fires they were put out, and the only signal on board gradually died to a moan, and then failed quite. We looked for torches, but there were none on board. Our lamps had been dashed out, and we were left groping about in the darkness. Captain McGregor had been sick in bed, but I could distinguish him on deck, giving directions for the launching of a boat which was to make an attempt at landing in order to secure assistance. The boat was in the water but a minute, and then I knew by the screams I heard that it had gone over.

"We passed the night in this way, comforting each other and assisting the crew as we could. The male passengers on board had secured their life-preservers, and sat with them on all night, but the women had given everything up, and I refused to put one on, thinking it would only prolong my suffering. Early Friday morning the steward came below, and insisted upon buckling on the preserver. It seemed like getting into my coffin, for I had said my last prayer, and was ready. After securing the belts we were led to the upper deck, and as the boat threatened to part every minute we were lashed, one by one, to the outer bulwarks. Whenever the sea poured over me the ropes held me fast, and I sat tied there three hours, looking into the water and wishing I could go down and have it ended.

"The captain passed by, and with his glass I could see some of our men clinging to the foot of a perpendicular cliff about forty feet in height. They had been drifted ashore the night before, when the small boat was swamped. I also saw the life-boat being launched, and the crowd of men hurrying up and down the shore, as though bewildered. The life-saving boat could be seen an instant, then it would sink in the trough of the sea, and we thought it was lost. It gradually neared us, and a line was thrown out and secured by Captain Kiah. Then two men were seen climbing out on the ropes and through the water toward our boat. It took them a long time, but they were at last on board, and knew how to direct our efforts for safety. Through their management the boats came near by, and we were hauled on board and then taken to land. Not until I stood on solid ground could I think that it was possible for me to escape death.

"The greatest praise is due the men in the life-boat. I visited their station Saturday, and found the road over which they carried their boat rough and sandy. As it was about five miles from the propeller's wreck, it seemed marvelous that they could reach her at all."

## OUR LETTER-BOX.

E. J. H.—By best answers we mean accurate answers to all the puzzles, given fully, in the manner that we give them in the answers. Thus answers to a double acrostic must give all the words, not merely initials and finals. By earliest we mean in all cases to allow for the regular mail to and from the place from which the answer is sent to New York, so as to give only one day at the most for the working out of the puzzles. Thus New York answers ought to reach us on the day of publication. If a set of answers reaches us the day following, we should not consider it as prompt as a Philadelphia set that comes in the same mail with it. If a Cincinnati, or Philadelphia and a New York set reach us by the same mail, we consider that the Cincinnati reader has solved and mailed his more promptly than the others. You sent us a set of answers to No. 680 by the same mail we received from the same city a set of answers to No. 681; you were, therefore, clearly a week too late to compete for No. 680.

## THE ROUND TABLE.

## PRIZES.

### To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

| | |
|---|---|
| For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor | $5.00 |
| For the next best | 2.50 |
| For the third in merit and promptness | 1.00 |

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 679.

1. Lamp, Damp, Camp. 2. Inkstand, Penwiper—InsteP, NiobE, KamsiN, SeesaW, TripolI, AlP, NudgE, DespaiR. 3. Campbell, Pope, Hemans, Burns, Hood, Gay, Byron, Longfellow, Wordsworth, Herbert, Heber, Shakespeare, Moore, Keats, Scott. 4. Bast-in-ado. 5. Puff. 6. Oleander. 7. Earring. 8. Brook, Broom, Brood. 9. L, Eel, Emmew, Lemures, Lere-e, Wee, S. 10. Asses, Spade Sabre, Edred, Seeds.

### WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 679.

1.—A. H. Woodstock, Catlett Station, Fauquier County, Va.

2.—M. Richardson, 253 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

3.—L. Gascoigne, 82 First Street, Detroit, Mich.

### ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

#### 1.—ENIGMA.

There's not a bird that soars on high
With crest or plume more gay than I;
And yet I'm never known to fly,
Except my wings are broken.

#### 2.—MUTATION.

A small indentation behead and transpose,
And a number, I'm certain, answer will disclose;
Now, if you'll turn this number rightly round,
What's used for catching fish will then be found.

#### 3.—CENTRAL DELETION.

A line of links my whole will be;
I think I'll give another clue—
Perhaps a watch is worn by you,
Not far from it my whole you'll see.

Now kindly take the centre out,
And then you'll have what all possess;
'Tis not an article of dress,
But what we'd not look well without.

#### 4.—SQUARE WORDS.

Oh, would you call this metal soft,
Or him who hath not this a loon?
And have you never seen this rise
And beat around this late and soon?

#### 5.—LOGOGRIPH.

Can any doubt in what I say,
My whole it happens every day?
Yes, from the rich down to the poor,
It passes almost every door.

There is no first attends that scene,
Although there often such has been.
How sad it is that it should be,
Instead of showing sympathy!

My second you will now transpose,
A title it will then disclose—
A rank of honor some do crave,
But seldom given to the brave.

Curtail my last, and I've no doubt
You'll manage soon to find me out;
I'm to be seen in many a tear,
But not in danger, still in fear.

#### 6.—CHARADE.

That my first has my second is very well known,
In a natural state, yet, before he's full grown,
To improve his appearance 'tis half lopped away.
But I must my total—so wish you good-day.

#### 7.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A mighty ruler and his small domain,
Where right and law do ever mark his reign.

1. A period by this name the geologist doth call,
When earth was covered with its darkest pall;
2. From early youth till life grows faint in hue,
All pains and troubles sore, we must this do.
3. In Germany, this city near the river Elbe is found,
'Twas built years past, and it high walls surround;
4. A wretched man, who lives a life of shame,
And to his grave bears a dishonored name;
5. In day of Rome, when emperors ruled the land,
They sent me forth, obedience to command.

#### 8.—ENIGMA.

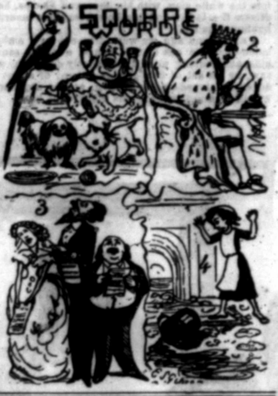
A luscious fruit, fit banquet for a king,
Upon the polished table crowned, I stand,
Diffusing fragrance as the silver knife
Lets out my life's blood 'neath the hostess's hand.

A tree all sombre, sable-leaved and dark,
Yet we with it romance associate;
The things that friends and lovers often do
When separated by the hand of fate.

#### 9.—METAGRAM.

I went in the hall for my . . .
But was startled at seeing a . . . .
I threw at the beast my felt . . .
Of course tripping over the . . .
The animal quiet still . . .
She knew that our wretched old . . .
Was gross and exceedingly . . .
With a bound I seized her . . .
And ended her days in the . . .

10.



## FUN FOR THE BOYS.

"SPEAKING of the dead languages, professor," inquired the new student, "who killed them?"

THE boy who was promoted to address wrappers in a newspaper-office joyfully remarked that that was a move in the "write direction."

IN giving geography lessons a schoolmaster "down East" asked a boy, "What State do you live in?" to which the boy drawled through his nose in reply, "A state of sin and misery."

A CLERGYMAN asked his Sunday-school, "With what remarkable weapon did Samson at one time slay a number of Philistines? For a while there was no answer; and the clergyman, to assist the children, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying, "What's this? What's this?" Quick as thought, a little fellow quite innocently replied, "The jaw-bone of an ass, sir."

A SHOPKEEPER employed a Chinese to paint him a sign in Chinese characters for a shop at the gold-diggings. When the sign was put up, the shopkeeper waited patiently for the expected influx of the relations of the sun and moon. To his surprise, however, although many approached the placard and read it, all without exception passed by with broad grins on their faces. Suspecting that all was not right, he took down the mysterious sign, and availed himself of the first opportunity of trying to obtain a translation. This he found a difficulty in getting, every Chinaman to whom he showed the board refusing to satisfy him and merely answering with a grin. At length, by the offer of a bribe, he arrived at the secret. The enticing advertisement, on being rendered into English, was, as nearly as possible, as follows: "Don't buy anything here; storekeeper a rogue."

A MERCHANT doing business near the foot of Jefferson Avenue used to spend about half his time in explaining to callers why he could not sign petitions, lend small sums, buy books, or invest in moonshine enterprises; but that time has passed, and it now takes him only two minutes to get rid of the most persistent case. The other a man called to sell him a map of Michigan. He had scarcely made known his errand when the merchant put on his hat and said: "Come, and I will see about it." He led the way to a boiler-shop, two blocks distant, wherein a hundred hammers were pounding at iron, and walking to the centre of the shop and into the midst of the deafening racket, he turned to the agent and kindly shouted: "Now, then! if you know of any special reasons why I should purchase a map of Michigan, please state them at length!" The man with the maps went right out without attempting to state "reason the one," and the merchant tranquilly returned to his desk to await the next.

#### MINE VAMILY.

Dimbled scheeks mit eyes off plue,
Mout' like id vas moisd mit dew,
Und leedle teeth shust peekin' droo-
Dot's der baby.

Curly hed, und full off glee,
Drowsers all oudt at der knee—
He vas peen blayin' horse, you see—
Dot's leetle Otto.

Von hundred seexty in der shade,
Der oder day vhen she was veighed—
She beats me soon I vas avraid—
Dot's mine Gretchen.

Barefooted hed, und pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,
Fond of his bier und sauer kraut—
Dot's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full of fun,
Von leedle pright-eyed, roguish son,
Von frau to greet vhen vork vas done—
Dot's mine vamily

A YOUTH refused to take a pill. His crafty mother thereupon placed the pill in a preserved pear and gave it to him. Presently she asked, "Tom, have you eaten the pear?" He replied, "Yes, mother, all but the seed."

A VESSEL called the *Ino* came up the Mersey the other day. It was duly accosted by the coastguard. "What vessel's that?" called out the chief officer. "*Ino*," was the reply. "Yes, I know you know," said the coastguardman, indignantly; "but I want to know, too."

AT a meeting at the Crystal Palace lately, Mr. Hayter, C. E., told an amusing little anecdote. The examiners of the school had combined with their praise of the students' work a little judicial comment upon their spelling. It was pointed out, for example, that "knoch" was scarcely a fair orthographic symbol for "notch." On the other hand, the lad who spelt "hydraulic" thus, "hydrolick," was a little too fond of phonetic spelling. Mr. Hayter, however, reminded the examiners that education in these minute details has only recently been expected of engineers. In his younger days many clever engineers were comparatively unlettered. He knew one particularly able fellow, the admiration of his profession, who puzzled all his comrades by the use after his name of the two letters S. I. At length some one was bold enough to ask what they meant. What was the answer? "Civil Engineer."

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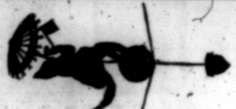

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60 large-sized visiting-cards, with name, 10c. No cheap trash. M. A. WALKER, Chatham Village, N. Y.

50 Cards, 10 Parisian, 10 Chromo, 30 Lily, Lace, etc., name on, 10c. WISE & CO., New Haven, Ct.

25 of the Prettiest Cards you ever saw, with name, 10c., postpaid. GEO. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

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## A SPANISH HEROINE.

A WHOLE band of robbers was recently trapped in La Carolina, Spain, by the bravery of a girl of thirteen, who has become the heroine of her neighborhood. She is the daughter of a farmer named Fueras, and is called Caramita. The family consists of the husband and wife and daughter. The farmer sold some cattle for $1,500, and had the money in his house. A band of robbers knew of the sale and the money, and laid their plans to rob the house. After the farmer had gone out with his workpeople, a couple of strangers approached the house—a man, travel-stained, supporting a woman who seemed unable to walk any further. The man told the farmer's wife that he was going to a distant village with his wife, and she, being ill, had broken down on the way. He asked permission for the sick woman to enter the house and rest, while he went to find a conveyance to enable them to continue their journey. Permission was granted, the woman taken in, and the man left. The sick woman partook of some refreshments, and the mother and daughter went on with their work.

Very soon Caramita discovered that their guest had on a pair of pantaloons under the gown. She communicated the fact to her mother, unobserved by the visitor, and the two managed quickly to slip into another room, close and lock the door. The visitor, left alone, and knowing that his character had been discovered, threw off his disguise and ordered the women to open the door or die. The door was not opened, and the robber began to cut through it with a large knife. At length, he hacked a hole big enough for his body, and began to crawl through it. The mother fainted and fell on the floor. The brave girl seized her father's gun, which was in the room, heavily charged with buckshot, placed the muzzle against the side of the man, now half way through the hole and unable to get either backward or forward, and pulled the trigger. There was a loud report, and the entire charge entered the miscreant's body, killing him instantly.

The other robber, lurking in the neighborhood, heard the shots and returned to the house to find his comrade's body plugging the hole in the door and hanging there. Before he could remove the body (which was held in the opening by the girl) and enter the room where the mother and daughter were, the father came with a force sufficient to capture him. Then the captors sent for some police to take charge of the living robber and the corpse.

On the person of the latter were found two pistols, a poniard, and a whistle. The whistle was considered an important capture, as it seemed to indicate that there were more robbers within its call.

After concealing themselves in the house, the police sounded the whistle and awaited results. The shrill call brought four more men into the house, where, taken by surprise, they were caged and ironed, and all five were marched to jail in good order, and the dead robber buried. Little black-eyed Caramita had saved her own and her mother's life and father's money, made six fewer robbers in Spain and herself the heroine of La Carolina.

## GLASS-STAINING.

NEARLY contemporary with the revival of Gothic architecture applied to both ecclesiastical and secular buildings, the taste for the enrichment of such edifices by the introduction of colored and painted glass has revived and flourished. The secret of communicating to glass the exquisite and glowing colors so richly and harmoniously blended in the new, uninjured specimens that remained in the medieval churches of Great Britain, if not absolutely lost, was long buried in obscurity. Another serious impediment was the difficulty of producing a pigment which should possess sufficient affinity with the glass to be readily incorporated with it, and yet be capable of reduction to a consistency favorable to its use as an ordinary kind of painting material, to be laid on and variously treated according to the artistic necessities of the manipulator. But these and other minor obstacles gradually disappear before the searching investigations of enthusiasts in an art that had been so long neglected.

Let us now follow the art of glass-staining through its chief stages. The design of the window being determined upon, and the cartoon, or full-sized drawing, being prepared, a kind of skeleton drawing is made, showing only the lines which indicate the shape of each separate piece of glass.

It is apparently not generally understood that a window is not one piece of glass, to which are applied the various colors displayed, but a number of small pieces which are united by grooved lead, which incloses each individual fragment, and that each different color we see is the color of that particular piece of glass, the only painting material employed being the dark-brown pigment used to define the more delicate and minute details. This skeleton or working drawing then passes to the cutting-room, where sheets of glass of every imaginable shade are arranged in racks, each bearing a number, by which a particular tint is known. The drawing being numbered on each separate piece of glass by means of a frame containing all pieces of every shade, and each numbered according to the rack containing the glass of that color. The use of this frame renders unnecessary the tedious process of visiting each rack in search of the particular shade required; the glass is laid bit by bit on the drawing, and each piece is then cut to the required shape by means of a diamond.

After the glass is cut it passes to the painter, who, laying it over the drawing, traces upon it with his brush all the details of features, folds of drapery, foliage, etc., as designed by the artist. But as the action of the weather and continually varying conditions of the atmosphere would speedily remove every vestige of paint if left in this state, it is necessary to subject the painted glass to the action of heat by placing it for several hours in a kiln, under the influence of which the paint is fused into absolute affinity with the glass, and becomes absolutely incorporated with its substance. After this burning process it only remains for the different pieces to be united with the grooved leaden framework, which binds the whole together. The places where the leads join are then carefully soldered together, and nothing remains but to thoroughly work over the whole surface with a thick kind of cement, which fills up any interstices between the glass and lead, and renders the whole panel perfectly water-tight and weather-proof.

## ANTELOPE-STALKING AT FORT DODGE.

THIS military post is situated in Ford County, Kansas, near the Colorado line, and on the north bank of the Colorado River, and from the settlement of the lands in this portion of the State by the grangers, the Texas cattle line has been moved to a point westward, thus preventing the antelope from being driven away by the "cow-boys," who never miss a chance to shoot at either a herd or a stray one on their drives from the "Lone Star" State to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, the great means of transportation of stock to the Eastern markets.

South of the post and river a range of contiguous sand-hills may be seen, covered with a luxuriant growth of native sweet grasses, on which the antelopes roam and feed, as in primitive times, before the white man, with his improved Sharps, had driven the Indian and his bow from these favorite hunting-grounds.

A short time ago we were driven by our ambulance-driver to one of the highest of these sand-hills, and looking in a southeasterly direction, we saw, by the aid of field-glasses, a herd of about a dozen antelopes quietly grazing, and to approach within shooting distance was the work in hand.

Steady! now comes the struggle—and we are obliged to lie down flat upon our stomachs and crawl, as in the first stages of our lives. The gun is moved quietly ahead of us, then our bodies move forward cautiously, as the friendly indentations and hillocks are now so small as we approach the game that extreme care is necessary to prevent our near proximity from being discovered. With bated breath and hurried judgment we decide that the attempt to get nearer would be futile, and now what is the distance? and how much must be allowed for windage of the bullet? are matters of importance.

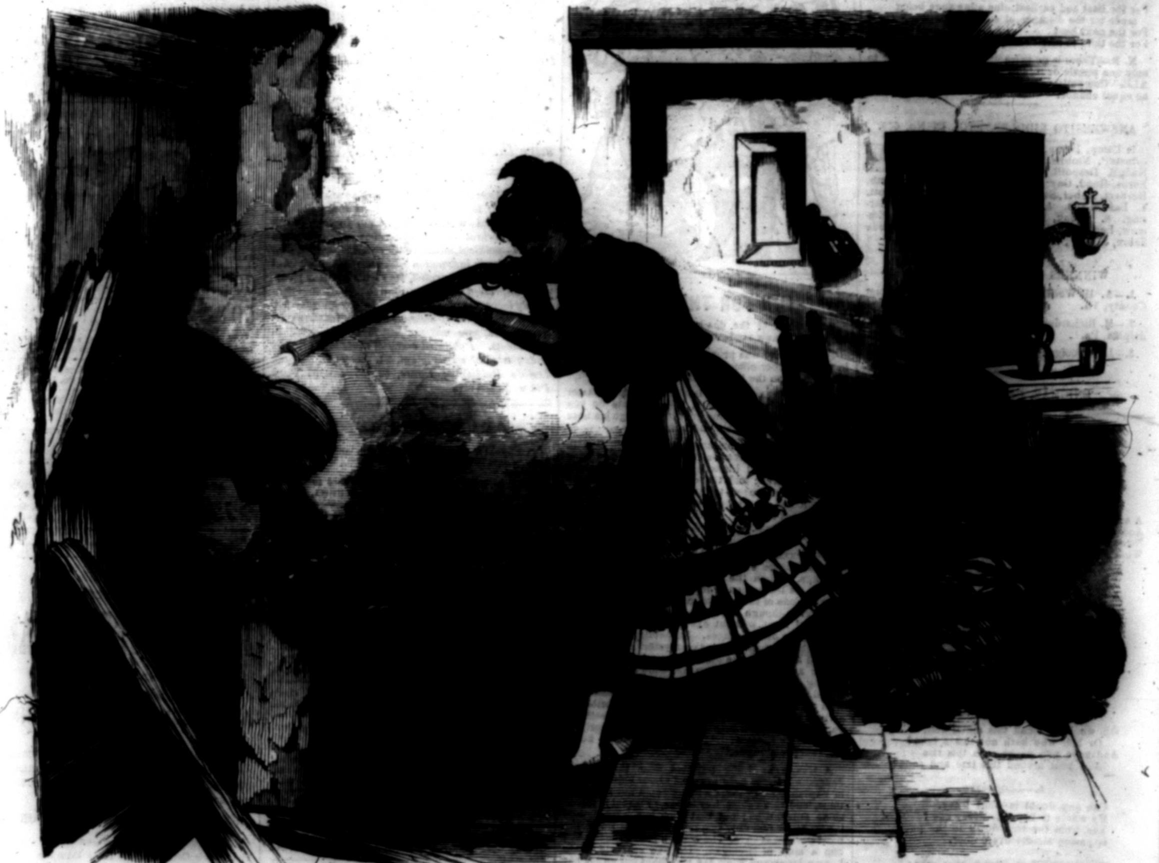
My companion says two hundred yards, in a whisper which would be inaudible at any other time. I think the distance less, but with two hundred yards' elevation conclude to draw a fine bead. I say, "Look out for the wind"—about a foot to the left is my judgment—and with the remark, "You take the left one and I will try the old buck on the right," we count three, and with an almost simultaneous report the bullets speed on the wing. The sudden alarm and cloud of dust made by the startled movements of the whole herd prevent our seeing the immediate effect of our shots. A moment of quietness on our part reveals the herd about a hundred yards from where they stood when we shot, less one of their number, which is now struggling on the ground where it was seen standing at the time my companion shot. The curiosity of the others prompts them to learn what is going on, and after a few uncertain movements from right to left they scamper off to a high point, and knowing well it will not do to try any flank movements, we give them a parting shot at three hundred and fifty yards' elevation, which causes all to disappear behind a friendly knoll. We now approach the one which was killed at the first fire, and find a fine yearling doe, and also evidence that my shot at the buck was not without effect.

The wind was almost directly from them toward us, and, therefore, our approach was to be governed entirely by the topography of the ground, which was favorable to our keeping out of their sight.

Throwing off all surplus clothing, leaving us in a costume not presentable to eyes polite, we commenced moving with an accelerated beating of the heart, which always convinces me that said organ is simply a blood-pump.

The excitement increases as we near the herd, and now we are near enough to see the buck which guards the charge toss his head up from the ground and sniff the air, as if suspicious of danger. These views must, of course, be taken with great caution, as all their senses are keen, and even an irregular movement of the herbage heads, other than that caused by the wind among the blue-stem and ground-grasses, will cause the fleet-footed animals to scamper off a great distance.

As we get within six or seven hundred yards, it becomes necessary to take a stooping position, and thus imitate a quadruped, as the sight of man in his upright position presents more terror than the same position in a judge has for the criminal. The hopes of securing the game, and fears of not getting a shot at a fair distance, cause the nerves to thrill with pleasure, and now as we crawl on all fours, we strive to control the nervousness which, in spite of all our will, seems to control our whole being. Our breath appears to be louder than usual, and with all our desires to the contrary our lungs require more inspiration and expulsion at such time than any other.



A SPANISH HEROINE.—A YOUNG GIRL IN LA CAROLINA, SPAIN, KILLS ONE ROBBER WHILE CUTTING HIS WAY THROUGH A DOOR IN HER FATHER'S HOUSE, AND SECURES THE ARREST OF HIS FIVE ACCOMPLICES.

## OUR DRAWING PRIZES.

DRAWINGS have been received from P. Martin Heitler, William O. Spoerry, George L. Swain, James Nabsted, C. Voelker, Burt Kints, Charles Crowley, W. H. Robinson, R. Backman, David M. Burns, Daniel R. Hogan, H. F. Baker, Colman De Goode, Thomas Feehan, Tyler C. Redfield, John Conway, Francis J. McNeill, S. Many, G. F. Ingall, C. Masach, John Gause.

We will defer the award for a week or two, to enable some of these competitors to send us what many have neglected, and that is, the certificate of a teacher, parent, or some person to whom we can, if necessary, refer that the drawing is the work of the one who sends it in. Some have neglected this, and yet we do not wish to throw their sketches aside.

Like all new things, this requires a little explanation.

We are glad to see that on so short a notice so many have entered the lists.